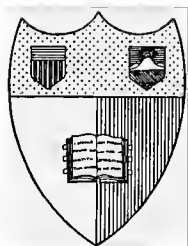


FRITZ IN GERMANY



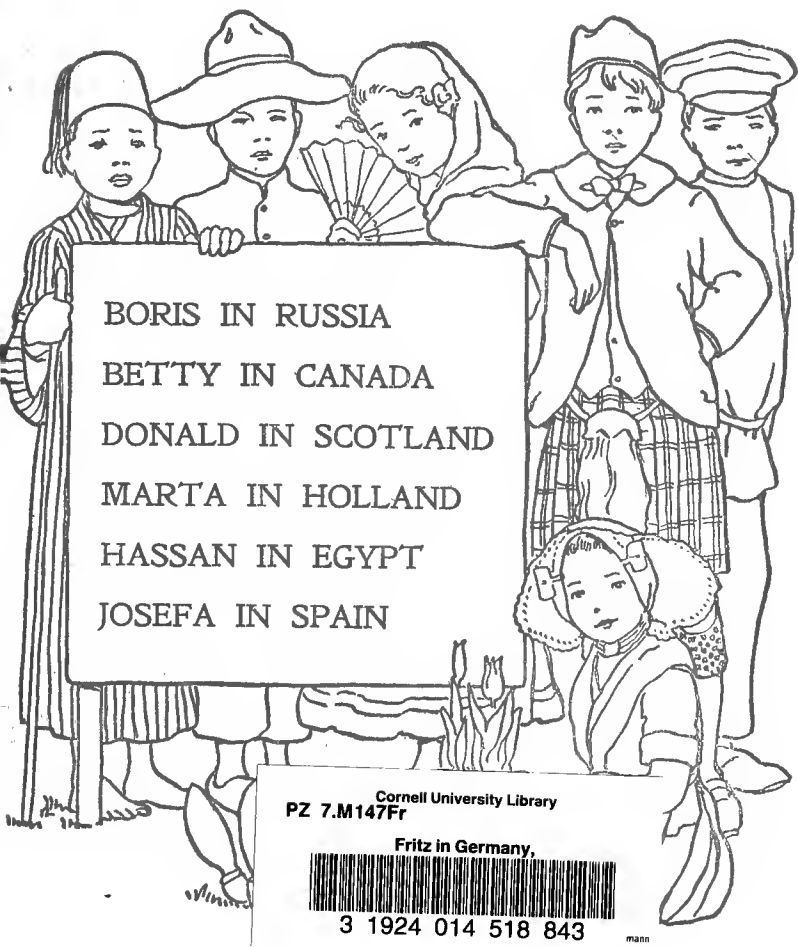
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GERMAN SCHOOLBOYS

LITTLE PEOPLE EVERYWHERE

FRITZ IN GERMANY

A GEOGRAPHICAL READER

BY ETTA BLAISDELL McDONALD

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"The Child Life Readers," etc.

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Author of "Little Me Too," "The Make-Believe Boys," etc.



SCHOOL EDITION



BOSTON

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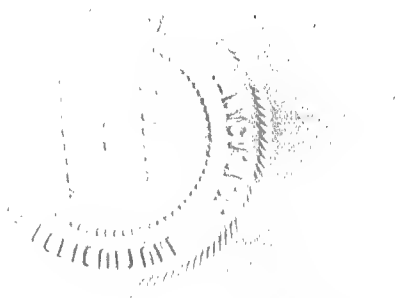
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PREFACE

If we could travel to all the corners of the earth, and visit all the countries and the peoples, learn to know their home life, their customs, their industries and history, then indeed we should have a knowledge of the world in which we live. As this is impossible we are obliged to turn to the pages of our books for such a view of life.

Thus it is with a child. He, too, must gain this knowledge of the world from books; but he finds little to hold his attention in the bare facts set down in his geography about foreign lands, while he reads with interest a story which reveals the life of the children in these lands, — the way they work and play, the sights they see, the cities they visit, the holidays they celebrate.

So, through this story of Fritz in Germany, the children will gain a broader, deeper knowledge of the Fatherland. As they go out into the streets of Berlin with Fritz to buy Christmas gifts; as they watch the emperor review the most perfectly drilled

troops in the world; see the Crown Prince fly over Potsdam in an airship; tramp, singing, through the forest paths, and sail up the Rhine past ruined castles and storied towers, they will learn to know and understand German life from the German standpoint. They will see for themselves why Germany is a great commercial country, why it has so large an army, why its forests are so fine, what crops it raises, what are its chief industries and exports; and they will see, too, the studious boys and industrious girls, the birthday celebrations, the Christmas and Easter festivities, — all the simple pleasures that make up the daily life of a happy family in the German Fatherland.

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FRITZ IN GERMANY

CHAPTER I

THE WELCOME-BOUQUET

"What are you doing, Fritz?" called Frieda, as she ran down the castle steps and across the lawn to the rose-garden. "Will Hans give you some roses for your birthday?"

"I am making a welcome-bouquet for Aunt Hess, who is coming this very morning from Berlin," replied her brother; "and Hans is cutting the roses for me himself. He says that I may have twelve, one for each year of my life."

"The liebe Tante!" cried Frieda. "I, too, will make her a welcome-bouquet," and she flew across the garden to beg Hans for some flowers.

In a moment she danced back again with a new thought. "Oh, Fritz!" she suggested; "perhaps Mother will let us go to the station to meet Aunt Hess. I will go and ask her this minute."

"You are too late," replied her brother. "I have already asked her, and she said that I might go; but I shall ride my pony beside the coach-horses."

"Then I will ride in the coach," said Frieda decidedly, and she started on a run to the house to find her mother, but came flying back in a moment for the roses.

"Thank you, Hans," she said, and dropped a tiny curtsy to the old man as she took the beautiful roses from his hands.

"Good-bye, birthday boy," she added, with another curtsy to her brother; then, as she ran across the lawn, holding the flowers in both hands, she turned and called back to him, "You will see me in the coach with my welcome-bouquet, if Mother is willing."

"This is a fine day for your celebration, Hans," Fritz said to the gardener, as he took his own bouquet of twelve roses, which the old man had selected with the greatest care.

"And a fine day for your birthday," was the answer. "I was but a lad of your own age when I came here from my home among the mountains, fifty years ago, to work for your father's father."

"Fifty years is a long time, is it not?" said Fritz thoughtfully; "but now you will have a great celebration, and Father has the silver medal ready for you. It is in a blue velvet box and I saw it, myself, this morning. I, too, would like to have a great celebration and a silver medal; but I do not know how I can ever earn one."

"It is not so difficult," replied the gardener. "I have done nothing but live here and do my work, and now the medal comes to me."

"It was faithful work, and well done. My father said so last night when he brought home the medal," said Fritz.

"In fifty years you will do many things to earn a reward," Hans told him; "and the celebration is for you and everyone to enjoy."

"Oh, but I am glad it is my birthday, too!" cried Fritz. "You should see my gifts up in the castle hall. There is a table full of them."

The castle in which Fritz von Wentzel was born, and in which he had lived all his twelve years, had been built hundreds of years before by a German baron. It stood on a low hill, surrounded by acres and acres of fields and forests which had belonged to the von Wentzel family for many generations.

Inside the wall which enclosed the great estate there were beautiful flower gardens and lawns, vegetable gardens, and a strawberry bed of which Hans Wendling was very proud. Outside the wall were broad green fields and dark forests of fir and beech and oak.

Fritz, the youngest son of the family, played in the gardens, romped on the lawns and rode his pony through the green forest aisles day after day, "as happy as the son of a king," he often said. And

as for anything which money could buy, — that had been his all his life.

It would seem that there was nothing left for so fortunate a boy to desire; yet his heart had long been set on seeing a great celebration for one of his father's servants in the huge banquet-hall.

This hall was on the upper floor of the castle and was used only on very great occasions; but at the time of a celebration a wonderful banquet was spread on the long tables, and all the family with their friends, and all the servants with their friends, were bidden to the feast.

Now, on the eighteenth of June, at the time of his own birthday, Hans Wendling, the head-gardener, was to have a celebration and receive a silver medal; and there was to be a holiday for everyone, with feasting and dancing.

"Listen now, while I tell you," Hans said, as Fritz turned to go to the castle with his roses; "these forest trees look just as they did when I, myself, was but a lad like you. They look no different for all the years."

"How can you remember so well?" asked Fritz.

"It seems to me no more than a day," answered the gardener. "I can never forget how strange this low level country looked to my young eyes after the white-capped mountains of my home-land in the south of Germany."

Then he waved his hand toward the bright flowers in the gardens. "Everything is so well cared for, here in the Fatherland, that nothing ever changes," he said. "Even those flowers might be the very ones that bloomed my first welcome to me."

"And now they will be a gay welcome for Aunt Hess when she comes from Berlin," said Fritz. Then he pointed a finger toward the distant vegetable gardens and the broad bed of green strawberry leaves. "There is something different," he said.

The gardener turned and hurried away, saying as he went, "The strawberry bed is of my own making, and lucky we are to have enough ripe berries for the feast to-night."

Fritz carried his bouquet of roses to the house and then ran down to the stables, whistling as he went.

Everywhere there was hurry and excitement. In the banquet-hall, men were setting out the long tables and decorating them with ferns and roses. The smooth floor had been waxed and polished until it shone like glass. Tall jars and vases, filled with gorgeous roses and fragrant lilies, were placed in every possible nook and corner.

Green branches from the forest trees and potted palms from the conservatory almost hid the walls from sight; and here, there, and everywhere among the green branches were tiny German flags with their broad stripes of black, white and red.

In the kitchen below, the cooks in their white caps and the bakers in their white aprons were tasting and basting and hurrying and scurrying. There were the most delicious odors of roasting meats and baking cakes; and everyone said to everyone else, "Ach, how good will be the feast!"

The same stir and bustle which filled the castle reached to the barns, the stables and the dairy.

The peasant women, who worked all day in the fields, had spent their evenings for a week in making ropes and wreaths of evergreen. Now they were hanging them everywhere in the barns and stables, — over the doors and windows, over the stalls, and around the name-plates of the horses, cows and oxen.

The shepherds had washed the sheep and fastened blue rosettes to their white wool: even the pig-pens had been decorated with the green garlands.

Fritz walked through the long stable until he came to the stall where his own pony stood waiting for him. Over the stall was the name-plate with "Zeppelin IV" in gilt letters wreathed around with evergreen and tiny red flowers.

"Come, Zeppelin!" cried the boy joyously, as he led the pony from the stall, "it is my birthday, and we are going to the station to meet Aunt Hess when the train brings her from Berlin."

Then he saddled the pony and cantered down the long driveway to the castle gate. The coach was there before him, and the big brass buttons on the green livery of the coachman and footman shone like gold in the sun.

It was the livery that had been worn for hundreds of years by the von Wentzel servants, and as Fritz reined in his pony to wait for the opening of the gate, he looked back at the castle towers, and across the broad fields, just as many another von Wentzel lad, in the years gone by, had done before him; for Germany is an old country, and the things that the fathers have done are done over and over again by the children, for generation after generation.

"Happy birthday!" saluted the gate-keeper, touching his cap as Fritz rode through the gate.

"Happy holiday!" replied Fritz, with a wave of his hand.

"Happy holiday!" echoed a merry voice inside the coach; and looking in, Fritz saw his little sister, dressed in a dainty white dress, with blue-ribbon bows on her long yellow braids, sitting stiff and straight in the great coach, her little feet sticking out before her, and the welcome-bouquet of red roses held tightly in her chubby arms.

CHAPTER II

HANS RECEIVES A MEDAL

"So these are your birthday gifts, Fritz," said Frau Hess, putting her hand on the boy's shoulder, as she stopped a moment to look at the presents that were arranged on a table in one corner of the long hall.

There had been time, after the drive from the station and the greetings of all the family, for Frau Hess to change her travelling-dress for a beautiful ball-gown, and she looked quite like an empress, with diamonds in her hair and at her throat and Frieda's welcome-bouquet in her hand.

"Yes," replied Fritz, touching one and then another of the gifts; "are they not lovely? There are so many that I cannot count them. And see all the postcards and letters, too."

Just then he discovered a little model of an airship which his aunt had brought from Berlin for him, and which had been unpacked and placed among his gifts.

"Oh, an airship!" he cried with delight. "How did you guess that I wanted one so much?"

But his aunt would not wait to let him thank her.



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"THEIR MOUNTAIN-HOME IN BAVARIA"

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"We must hurry," she said, moving toward the broad staircase; "it is almost time for the banquet. See those two pretty peasant girls. They must have come from the south of Germany."

The two girls, who were ascending the stairs just before them, wore the white guimpe, the black velvet bodice and the gayly-colored skirt and apron of the Bavarian peasant women, and they were whispering to each other and looking at the strange sights with wondering eyes.

"Yes," explained Fritz, "they are Hans Wendling's nieces, and they have come from their mountain-home in Bavaria to bring gifts for their uncle and help celebrate his fiftieth anniversary of service in our family."

"It must be a wonderful occasion for them," said Frau Hess. "Probably they have never been away from their native village before."

"But neither have I been away from my native village," said Fritz with a laugh, "and this is a wonderful occasion for me."

"It is a wonderful occasion for us all," said Frau Hess, as she looked across the crowded floor of the huge banquet-hall, where more than two hundred men and women were finding places at the long tables.

At the head of the longest table stood Baron von Wentzel, and beside him was Hans Wendling, his

broad German face broader still with smiling pride.

Fritz himself, as sharing the honor because of his twelfth birthday, stood next, with the dear aunt from Berlin beside him.

Beside Frau Hess stood Frau von Wentzel, who looked so much like her sister that it was hard to tell them apart.

Farther down the table was Hermann, the student brother from old Heidelberg; Paul, the officer brother from Ehrenbreitstein; and little Frieda, her yellow braids and big blue bows fairly dancing with delight.

Then there was jolly Uncle Karl, Baron von Wentzel's younger brother, who managed the great beet-sugar farm which yielded them so much money. For Germany, as everybody should know, was the first country to find out that very good sugar can be made from beets, and so manufactures enormous quantities of it every year.

Many of the men and women who worked in the beet-fields, and some of those who worked in the sugar-refinery, had been invited to the festival, and had come dressed in their very best and gayest costumes.

Mingled with those from outside were the servants of the castle, all wearing their holiday clothes and the family colors of green and gold.

There were also two friends from America who had come with Hermann and Paul, and who were eager to take part in this strange, foreign celebration.

It was the gayest scene imaginable, and Fritz and Frieda were wild with excitement, calling to each other to look here and there, as they spied first one and then another of their friends among the guests.

Suddenly the orchestra, which was hidden behind some palms, began playing Germany's inspiring war-song. Paul's great voice rolled out the words of "The Watch on the Rhine," and at once every rafter in the old banquet-hall was echoing to the sound of the hearty German voices.

"It is no wonder that Germany is famous for her musicians," said Hermann's American friend, when everyone was seated and the singing had changed to the merry sound of talk and laughter. "I never heard such voices."

"It is because we sing on all occasions, and because we love our songs," replied Hermann.

"It is not surprising that the Germans love the Fatherland. How could they help it with that song for inspiration?" continued the American.

"You should hear us sing it at the Fort," spoke Paul, who was every inch an officer, and proud of his place in the great German army.

At all the tables rose the clatter of plates and knives, the clink of glasses, the chatter of merry

voices and the hearty laughter of the men, as some one stopped eating long enough to make a joke or tell a story.

When it seemed as if everyone had eaten enough for a whole week of feasts, and while the tables were still piled high with bread and cheese and cakes, and food enough of all kinds to last for another whole week, Baron von Wentzel rose from his seat, and a silence fell upon the company as he turned to speak to Hans Wendling.

"Here is a man who has given us true and faithful service for fifty long years," he said. Then he opened the box and held up the silver medal for everyone to see. "May his example shine before you as long as this medal lasts," he added, "and so may all good work be rewarded."

As he finished speaking, a loud cheer rose from every throat, and "Hoch! Hoch! Hoch! Baron von Wentzel and Hans Wendling!" was the cry.

Then they sang again a glorious old German song, and Fritz was so excited that he beat upon the table with his mug until everyone else began beating on the table, too.

Somebody, perhaps Uncle Karl, lifted his voice above the din and shouted, "Hoch der kleiner Fritz!" and there followed a wild cheer for the birthday boy.

Afterwards everyone was quiet while Hans rose

and thanked his master for his many years of kindness to him, and for this great celebration in his honor; and when he had been cheered again, there was a call for a speech from little Fritz.

Poor Fritz had never made a speech in his life, and for a moment he looked at his father as if asking for help; but the Baron shook his head and motioned for the boy to stand up and speak.

Fritz looked at the crowded room full of happy faces, and then at the gray-haired gardener who held the silver medal in his hand so proudly.

"It is to thank you for my birthday greeting that I speak, and to tell you how much I, myself, would like to earn a medal for faithful work," he said; and sat down in his chair, while another shout and more beating upon the tables filled the room.

Then the two birthday cakes were brought in, to be cut and distributed among the guests; but first they were carried around to all the tables to be inspected and admired. A German birthday cake is always a beautiful sight, but these two were most beautiful. They were so large that each one could be cut into a hundred pieces, and they were covered with frosting and decorated with pink, red, violet, and pale green candies. In the center of each a tall candle burned brightly, while the flames of tiny candles, twelve for Fritz and fifty for Hans Wendling, flickered round the edge of the cakes.

"Don't let the candles burn out," cried one of the peasant women. "It will bring bad luck. Blow them out quickly!"

So Fritz puffed up his cheeks and blew out the tiny flames, while all the company counted aloud in a great shout for each of his twelve years.

Then it was Hans's turn, and he blew and puffed until the crowd of laughing faces blurred with the flickering lights before his dizzy sight.

"The candles have burned so long that the flames are tough!" cried one.

"Our friend Hans has met his match at last!" cried another, and there was much joking and good-natured laughter, until all the flames were extinguished except the "lebens licht" in the centre, which must burn as long as it will for good luck and a long life.

Then there was more feasting, with cakes and cookies and bowls of luscious red strawberries.

"Oh, for such an appetite! I admire you!" Fritz heard one of the nieces from Bavaria say to her sister; while the other replied, "You have done well yourself. I shall tell the good mother at home that we both ate as well as any at the feast."

But there came a time when no one could eat another cake; when the last berry had disappeared and the last mug was emptied. "Now for the dancing! Push back the tables!" shouted Baron

von Wentzel, and he rose from his seat and began shaking hands with first one guest and then another, saying to each, "Mahlzeit! Blessed meal-time!"

"Blessed meal-time!" was the reply, and all over the room there was immediately a clamor of "Mahlzeit! Blessed meal-time!" and such a shaking of hands that even the little Bavarian girls joined with the others and soon found themselves shaking hands with one of the American students.

"Mahlzeit!" they said shyly, and bent their knees quickly in a little curtsy which is called a "knixchen."

"Mahlzeit!" he replied, as he had heard the others saying, and then he added in his very best German, which was not very good, "I am coming to Bavaria some day to see your snow-capped mountains and beautiful blue lakes."

"And I," added Fritz, who had managed to understand what he said. "I want to see the whole of Germany some day."

"Come and dance!" shouted Uncle Karl, saluting Aunt Hess.

"Come and dance!" echoed all around the room; and just as the orchestra began playing a merry tune, Fritz bowed to Frieda and led the dance around the polished floor of the great hall.

CHAPTER III

THE GIFT OF TALENTS

"Where is the book of Grimm's Fairy Tales?" asked Frieda one morning about a week after the celebration, as she opened the door of the school-room where Fritz was reciting a lesson in history to his tutor.

Fritz did not stop to look toward the door, where only Frieda's head was to be seen, but answered as a part of his lesson, "If your Majesty desires blood, so take mine; for as long as I can speak, — it is on the playroom table."

Frieda laughed and ran off to find her governess, while Fritz, who knew that if his sister wanted the book of Grimm's Tales she was planning some kind of fun, began reciting so rapidly that the tutor had hard work to understand what he said.

In a little while his work was over for the day and he ran to the playroom. "We are going to have scenes from my favorite stories for Mother's birthday," cried Frieda as her brother opened the door. "We can have Red Riding Hood, and Cinderella, and the Frog Prince, and —"

"Wait a minute," interrupted Fräulein Riker;

"take them one at a time and we will plan them as we go."

"It is hard to choose favorites," sighed Frieda, hugging the book of fairy tales, "when I love them every one. How did Herr Grimm ever think of so many beautiful stories?"

"He didn't think of them," replied the governess. "They are all stories which have been told to the children in Germany for hundreds of years; and no one knows who told them first. William Grimm and his brother heard the stories in their childhood, and when they grew to be men they collected them into a book; and now they are read by children all over the world."

"I'll tell you some of my favorites," volunteered Fritz. "Let's have Red Riding Hood anyway, and I will be the wolf."

All the afternoon the playroom door was carefully closed and locked while the two children were busy arranging the stage, hunting up their costumes, hanging the curtains, placing the chairs for their little audience, arranging their program, and getting everything in readiness for the evening's entertainment.

Promptly at seven o'clock the door was opened and the father and mother, Aunt Hess, Uncle Karl and the two brothers with their friends were ushered into the room and seated before the little stage.

In a moment Frieda appeared before the curtains. Making a curtsy to her mother she said, "Liebe Mutter, this is your birthday and your children bring you their gift of talents. Paul has written a poem, Hermann will play for you on the piano, Fritz will play on his violin, and I will show you some pictures from my favorite stories."

"It is a pleasant custom we have in Germany," Paul explained to his friend, "of giving our parents a gift of our talents. Each of us has some talent, even if it is only a little one, and we do our best with it for a birthday gift."

Just then the curtains were drawn aside to show little Red Riding Hood standing at her grandmother's bedside, looking anxiously at the night-capped head which was almost covered with a thick, soft puff.

"What big ears you have, Grandmother," she said timidly.

"The better to hear you with, my child," came the reply, in a voice which Fritz tried to make very gruff.

"What big eyes you have, Grandmother," Frieda said, going a little nearer the bed and standing on tip-toe to look closer.

"The better to see you with, my child," replied the gruff voice from the bed.

"What big teeth you have, Grandmother," Frieda whispered in a frightened voice.

"The better to eat you with," cried the wolf and would have sprung from the bed; but the curtains were quickly drawn and the first picture was over.

Hermann played one of his mother's favorite selections on the piano while Herr Mark changed the scene behind the curtains, and the next picture showed Cinderella, all in rags and tatters, trying on a dainty slipper while the prince knelt at her feet.

One scene followed another in quick succession, and each received hearty applause. One showed the king's daughter tossing her golden ball into the air and catching it again, until presently it fell into a little pool of water near which sat a funny old frog. In the next picture the frog had become the handsome prince who married the princess.

After the last little play was over, and Paul had recited his poem, Frau Hess asked to hear Fritz play on his violin. So, while Fräulein Riker sat at the piano and played his accompaniment, Fritz stood by her side and played one after another of the songs which he knew his mother loved.

"I made a little song, myself, the other day," he said shyly after a while. "I was down beside the brook watching some fishes, and there was a bird singing, up in a tree. I tried to make my violin tell about the brook and the fishes and the birds."

"Play it for us," said his father. "Shut your

eyes, Mother. Shut your eyes, everybody. Now Fritz, we will see your fishes in the water."

Fritz shut his eyes, too, and tried to think of the warm summer day, and the brook, and the bird, as he played; and although it was a very brief song, even with twice repeating, his mother declared that she could hear the bird sing as plainly as if he were in that very room, and Frau Hess said the brook chattered beautifully over the stones.

"Fritz should study music in Berlin," she said, turning to his father. "Let him come and live with me this winter and I will see that he has the best masters for the violin, while Herr Mark can see that he forgets not his history and Latin."

"My Fritz leave me!" cried Frau von Wentzel. "He has never been away from home in his life."

"It would do him good to go away for a year," declared his father, "and he ought to do well with his violin."

"You are right," he added, turning to Frau Hess, "Fritz should go to Berlin to study music. He shall go with you in September."

And so it was decided, and Fritz went to bed the happiest boy in the world; but Frieda cried herself to sleep because she knew how sadly she should miss her "lieber Bruder."

CHAPTER IV

HAMBURG HO!

Fritz began his travels from home by taking a little trip to Hamburg with his Aunt Hess.

"There are many reasons why I should take him with me," she said, when she asked permission for him to go. "I must go myself to meet a friend who is coming from America to travel in Germany, and I should like to have him with me. Besides, it will soon be time for him to go to Berlin, and a trip to Hamburg makes a good beginning."

"But he is so young," his mother objected.

His father, however, decided that he might go; and suggested that they should take Herr Mark to look after their tickets and go sight-seeing with them.

You would have thought that the journey was to take them to the ends of the earth if you could have seen Frau von Wentzel sorrowfully packing her son's garments into his hand-bag; stopping every now and then to tell what a good boy he had been all his life.

"It will do him good to see the boys and girls of Hamburg," said his aunt, and she went on to

tell how they would find the city children amusing themselves. "You should see them toward night when they go trooping down to the bathing-houses for a bath," she added.

The sights they actually did see when they reached the city were so much livelier and busier than anything he had ever seen before, that Fritz forgot to look for the processions of children which he had expected to see marching toward the river.

Hamburg is situated on the Elbe River about ninety miles from its mouth, where it empties into the North Sea. Another river, the Alster, which flows down from the north, has been dammed to form two lakes, around which the finest portion of the city is built.

It was to a hotel on the inner lake, or Alster-Bassin as it is called, that Frau Hess took her party. Fritz, looking down from his window, saw dozens of little steamers, launches, sail-boats, row-boats and canoes on the water, with here and there a group of stately swans; and he was wild with excitement.

"Come," he begged, "let us go out in one of those boats. Who cares for eating when there is so much to see!"

After riding across the inner lake, they rode around the outer one, stopping at several landing-places to take on or leave passengers, and Fritz



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HAMBURG: THE PROMENADE AROUND THE ALSTER-BASSIN

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ran from one side of the boat to the other, fearful lest he should lose a single strange sight.

But when they returned to the inner lake it was almost dark, and he sat quietly beside his aunt, speechless with delight at the sight of the large hotels, magnificent houses, gardens and pavilions, all so brilliantly lighted with myriads of electric lights that it seemed like a scene from wonderland.

They left the boat at the landing and found seats at a table in the Alster pavilion, where they could listen to the music of an orchestra while they watched the throngs of people who were passing in the street, and Frau Hess smiled at Fritz's pleasure in everything he saw.

"If you don't like the looks of Hamburg by night we will try it by day," she said at last, when she had with difficulty drawn the boy into the hotel for the night.

Fritz was up early in the morning, however, and when his aunt came down into the dining-room for her rolls and coffee, he was there before her with flowers and some luscious grapes and melons.

"They came from the market near the town-house," he explained. "I went there with Herr Mark, and it was hard to choose what to bring home to you, there was so much of everything. There were men selling fruit and cheese, and women selling butter and eggs; and such flowers you never

saw in all your life! And there were maids with big market baskets buying vegetables like those we have in our own gardens at home.

"Then there were women who wore yokes on their shoulders from which hung two big wooden buckets filled with milk. And many of them wore wooden shoes on their feet, and their clothes were different from those our people at home wear, but the colors were bright and pretty," said the boy, his words tumbling over one another.

"You must go to the animal market," suggested his aunt. "Perhaps there will be some lions or elephants for sale. Hamburg is the largest market in the world for live animals, and men come here from all the other countries to buy or sell tigers, bears, elephants, monkeys, parrots, — every animal you ever heard of that would do for a circus or a zoo."

"There is a zoo here," Fritz interrupted. "Herr Mark told me about it this morning, and I should like to see them feed the animals this afternoon, if you please. And then there are beautiful flower gardens, with lilies growing in water, and —"

"Wait, wait!" cried his aunt, "we can't spend all the morning talking about the sights. Call Herr Mark. We will go and see some of them."

But just then a familiar voice spoke her name, and she turned to find her friends from New York

standing at her side. There were two of them, a mother and her daughter; and after the greetings and introductions were over, and Mrs. Blake had explained that their steamer had stopped at Cuxhaven, at the mouth of the Elbe River, and they had come to Hamburg on the early train, and had already eaten their breakfast, — the plans for sight-seeing were changed to include them.

"We must see everything there is to see," said the mother merrily. "Nobody knows whether we shall ever manage to get over to Europe again, and we must make the most of this visit."

So Herr Mark hired a carriage and they rode over the city. As they followed the promenade around the Alster-Bassin Fritz pointed out the sights to Alice, telling her about his boat-ride around the lake, and the lights, and the music, and the crowds of people.

"I am afraid I can't understand you," she interrupted. "I studied German two years at home but we spoke much more slowly."

"Then I will speak English," replied Fritz, who had been taught both French and English. "It will be good practice for me, if you will help me with some of the words."

"And I will speak German," proposed Alice, "if you will be very patient and tell me when I am wrong."

Mrs. Blake laughed. "It will take him all the time to correct your mistakes," she said, "and you will have no time for seeing the sights."

"I am looking at everything," her daughter replied. "Did you ever see such clean streets in your life? And do look at that peasant woman drawing a cart through the street as if she were a horse!"

As their carriage rolled along over the broad streets there was some new and interesting sight every moment. They passed beautiful parks and gardens, large churches, fine residences, and streets of shops with crowds of people hurrying to and fro, until at last they came to the bank of the River Elbe, and the driver stopped his horses where they could get a good view of the broad harbor.

"Hamburg is the fourth largest commercial city in the world," he told them, pointing as he did so at the forest of floating masts and the fluttering foreign flags.

"What are the other cities?" asked Fritz.

"New York is one, I know," declared Alice.

"Yes, and London and Liverpool are the other two," replied Herr Mark. "See, there is a Dutch vessel, and there is one from Italy," he added, pointing to a dock farther up the river.

"Vessels come to Hamburg from every corner of the globe," said the driver. "If you should take a ride through the harbor in one of the little steamers

you might see ships from Africa, South America, India, China, and many a port you never heard of.

"There is a British vessel," he added, and pointed to a dock where an enormous crane was being used to unload tons of coal from an English collier.

"Let's take a steamer ride now," suggested Fritz. "We might see them unloading elephants and lions from the African steamers."

"How does it happen that Hamburg is such a large commercial city?" asked Mrs. Blake, after they had bought their tickets and found seats on the deck of a harbor-steamer.

"The River Elbe is deep enough for the largest vessels," replied Herr Mark; "and it is so broad here at Hamburg that it makes an excellent harbor. The city is also a railroad center; and it is connected with many parts of Germany by means of numerous canals and rivers. The docks here are the finest in the world, and will accommodate four hundred and fifty vessels at one time."

"Look, Mother!" exclaimed Alice, "there is an American flag. Look quick! On that ship over there!"

"Why do so many vessels come here?" asked Fritz.

"They come with cargoes of coffee, tea, raw cotton for our factories, spices, dyes, and almost everything you can think of," replied Herr Mark, "and they

take away the products of our fields and factories and mines."

Among the big ocean steamers they saw many a plain, homely river barge from the inland waters of Germany, and the tutor explained that they had come down the rivers and canals loaded with wood, toys, beet-sugar, or crockery, and would go back again with coffee, coal, cotton, or some other foreign product.

"Germany has very little seacoast," he added, "but she has nearly nine thousand miles of rivers and canals, besides all her railroads; so there is plenty of opportunity to make her the great commercial country our Emperor wishes her to be."

"Fritz wants to go and see the animal market," suggested Alice, as they left the steamer.

"But we must have our luncheon!" cried her mother. "We can't go sight-seeing all day long with nothing to eat," and she beckoned to a driver who was waiting near-by with a cab.

"Tell him to go the longest way round," whispered Alice, as Herr Mark directed the man to take them back to their hotel.

The longest way round led through the "Fleete district" where the streets are narrow canals, and where the poor of the city live in dark houses and damp cellars.

The driver stopped on a narrow bridge so that

they might watch some women and children who were walking about on the muddy bed of the empty canal. "The tide is out," he explained, "and they are hunting for articles that may have been dropped overboard from the boats."

Just then three cannon shots boomed through the air, and the searchers began moving out of the canal. "Mercy!" cried Mrs. Blake. "What is that? Has war been declared since morning?"

"What are the cannon shots for?" Herr Mark asked the driver.

"They are to warn the people that the tide has turned and the water will soon come rushing in to fill the canals," he replied. Then, leaving the "Fleete," he hurried his horses along until they came to an enormous statue on the heights above the Elbe.

"Who is that?" asked Alice.

"That is a statue of Bismarck," replied Fritz, looking up at the fine strong face.

"And who was he?" she asked again.

"Why, Alice Blake!" exclaimed her mother, "how can you ask such a question? Of course you know who Bismarck was."

"He helped to bring about the union of the states to form the German Empire," Herr Mark told her, "and his will was so strong that he was called the 'Iron Chancellor.'" Then, while they all looked

up at the statue, he spoke of Charlemagne, that other great hero whom Germany loves to honor. "The names of both men will be remembered as long as the German nation lasts," he said.

"Why?" asked Fritz.

"Because hundreds of years ago Charlemagne made Germany great in size by adding vast territories to his empire," replied the tutor, "and now Bismarck has made it great in strength and power. When Charlemagne was emperor our country extended from the Baltic Sea to the Mediterranean; but one part was jealous of another, and there was constant warfare between them. Bismarck saw that it was best to have all the parts united and at peace, and he worked hard to bring it about. Germany is not so large now as it was in the Middle Ages, but owing to the wisdom and strength of Bismarck it is one of the greatest powers in all the world."

"That statue is after Roland," the driver told them as he drove on toward their hotel.

"After Roland?" repeated Fritz. "What does he mean?"

"He means that it is similar to a very old statue of Roland which stands in Bremen," replied Frau Hess. "Roland was the most famous of the knights of Charlemagne, and he was brave and good, as many a knight in those days was not, so he was

honored with a statue to his memory. It helps to keep his name alive. Now and then some young German lad may try to be brave and good like him."

"I should like to go to Bremen and see the statue of Roland if it is as fine as this one," said Alice.

"It is not so fine," Frau Hess answered; "but it is interesting because it shows the work which was done by the early sculptors."

"So?" said Fritz; then laughed as he added, "Well, anyway, we could drive through the streets and look for the place where the Town Musicians gave their concert."

"What musicians do you mean?" asked Mrs. Blake.

"I mean the donkey, the dog, the cat, and the cock who went to Bremen to play in the band," replied Fritz. "Do you not remember Herr Grimm's tale?"

"I remember it well," spoke Alice Blake. "I have read it many times, and I should like to go to Bremen with you."

But the next day saw Fritz and his aunt riding toward home, while Mrs. Blake and her daughter were left behind in Hamburg to go on with their sight-seeing.

CHAPTER V

FRIEDA'S BUSY MORNING

“Hopp! hopp! hopp!
Pferdchen lauf' Galopp!”

Fritz sang, as he clattered down the wide staircase in his riding-boots.

Frieda, a book in her hand, and a care-worn look on her pretty face, met him in the hall. “I have so many things to do to-day, lieber Fritz,” she said coaxingly, “that I wish you would please help me in one of them.”

“Tell them all to me, and if I may choose which one to do, it may be that I will help you,” her brother answered with a laugh.

“My circle-sisters meet here with me this afternoon,” she began; but Fritz shook his head at once.

“Nein, nein! I will not become a circle-sister,” he said decidedly.

“Well, I do not wish you to become one,” replied Frieda, “but I must make the chocolate-cream cakes with my own hands if we are to have any to eat with our coffee.”

Again Fritz shook his head. “To make choco-

late-cream cakes with my own hands is something I cannot do for you," he declared.

"That is something I would not ask of you," was Frieda's answer; "but will you not teach my little class in reading for me while I make the cakes?"

Although Frieda was only ten years old she could sew and knit, and she was also learning to cook. Besides all this, her mother had insisted that she should make up a class of some of the servants' children, who knew nothing but mischief, and teach them to read.

"A baron's daughter must begin early to be useful," said her mother, when Frieda complained that it would be tiresome to teach the children to read.

Fritz laughed aloud when he heard what it was that his sister wished him to do. "Who is in the class? And what do you teach them?" he asked.

"There is Lena Schmidt, the cook's daughter, and two little boys from the gate-keeper's lodge, and then there are Hans Wendling's two grandchildren, Max and Maurice," she replied.

"I know Max and Maurice well," said Fritz. "I could easier make a loaf of cake than teach them to read."

"It is very simple," Frieda told him, showing him her book; "you have only to teach them the letters and then read them a story."

Fritz laughed again. "It surely sounds simple,"

he said, "but I am going to ride Zeppelin down to the village. Let the lesson go for to-day. It is not important."

"Yes, Fritz, it is very important," replied Frieda earnestly. "It is only because I have been regular, and given the lessons every day for a month, that Max and Maurice have at last become interested."

"I am not interested in Max and Maurice," said Fritz, shaking his head.

"You are interested in nothing but your pony and your music," his sister replied. Then she pointed to a maid who was carrying an armful of brooms and brushes up the stairs. "Everyone is busy but you," she added.

Fritz laughed and sang to a saucy tune:—

"With the windows opened wide,
And the maids on every side,
Sweeping, dusting, polishing the floors;
Then 't is good to run away,
In the fields and woods to play,
For the flowers are never working out-of-doors."

Frieda had to laugh in spite of herself; but she pleaded once more in her pretty German fashion, "Bitte, bitte, lieber Bruder."

"Very well," he said at last, "I will see what I can do."

"That is good," exclaimed Frieda, and she gave

him the little reading-book and hurried away to the kitchen to make her cakes, while Fritz went to find his pupils.

The kitchen of Schloss Wentzel, like most German kitchens, was a great sunny room, with a clean, painted floor. Over the big windows hung dainty muslin curtains, so fresh and white that never a speck of dust seemed to touch them.

On one side of the room was a blue and white porcelain stove, and over the stove were rows of shelves on which were arranged all sizes and shapes of copper pans and brass kettles which had been polished until they shone like gold.

Up and down, on each side of the stove, were bright brass hooks on which were hung big pitchers and little pitchers, big mugs and little mugs; and between two sunny windows was a cupboard, with glass doors and white shelves covered with blue paper, on which were ranged the cooking dishes, — plates, bowls and jars, all spotlessly clean.

In a distant corner of the room stood a frame like a clothes-horse on which broad sheets of nudel were spread to dry. This nudel is similar to the Italian macaroni; but it is made with eggs and flour and is rolled out in a thin sheet and then cut into tiny pieces, instead of being made in long tubes.

Anna Schmidt, the cook, in her white apron and cap, with her sleeves rolled up to show her round,

red arms, was making this nudel for some soup for dinner, and was so busy that Frieda had to make her own cakes for the circle-sisters.

While she busied herself with her eggs and chocolate, at the low table in front of the window, she heard Fritz calling to Max and Maurice and she laughed softly to herself. Well did she know the trouble he would have in finding those two naughty boys!

A maid passed through the room with some bed-linen which had just been ironed. She was carrying it to the great linen closet of the castle which was filled with pile after pile of just such beautiful white linen, all tied with dainty ribbons and with Frau von Wentzel's initials embroidered on every piece.

Just as the cake went into the oven a little maid came into the kitchen and bent her knee in a knixchen, saying rapidly, "My name is Maria Ria. I came this morning and I hope I serve you well."

Frieda laughed merrily. "You have already told me so four times to-day. Who sent you to find me?" she asked.

"The Frau von Wentzel, your mother, asks that when the cakes are made you will go to the sewing-room where she is waiting for you," answered Maria Ria.

The cook promised to see to the baking of the cakes, and Frieda spent an hour in preparing some sewing for the circle-sisters. They were making

little garments which would be given to the poor children in the village as Christmas gifts, and had already finished several pieces which were neatly folded and packed away for the winter holiday.

When little German girls are old enough to sew, a few friends form a circle which meets once a week, first at one house and then another, where they sew for an hour or two, and then have cakes and coffee. They call themselves "kränzchen schwestern," circle-sisters, and they never forget these friendships formed in their childhood.

In Frieda's circle there were three ten-year-old girls who lived in the village, and who were always glad when the day came for them to meet at the castle, for Frau von Wentzel was sure to have some surprise planned for them.

"It is easy to think of something pleasant to do at the Schloss," said Hilda Lenk, whose father was the village pastor, one day when the three little girls were walking home together; "but in our house one can never think any but the same thoughts over and over again."

"That is so," agreed Eva Kesler, the school-master's daughter. "My mother would think the sky was going to fall if I should ask her to make anything but black bread and kringles on Saturdays."

"I wish we had such great beds of onions and

cabbages," sighed Ursie Zimmer, who liked sauerkraut better than anything else. Ursula was always happiest when she was eating, and it was for her sake that Frieda had learned to make chocolate-cream cakes for this afternoon's refreshment.

"I'd like to have such a flock of ducks," spoke Hilda. "Mother is always wishing for eggs for her cooking."

"Think of the rose-garden," added Eva, "and the lilies, and all the flower beds. That is what I would choose to have."

Well did Frieda know what each of her friends liked best; and after the cakes were ready, she put fresh flowers in all the vases and made little bouquets for her guests, while she planned with her mother the surprise for the afternoon.



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PEASANT WOMEN GATHERING SEEDS FROM THE ONION-TOPS

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CHAPTER VI

THE CIRCLE-SISTERS

The circle-sisters arrived early in the afternoon, and Frieda met them at the gate and walked with them up the avenue to the castle.

As they passed the flower-gardens she stopped to show them a late rose; but Ursula's eyes wandered off to a field where peasant women, on their knees, were gathering seeds from the onion-tops.

"Look!" she exclaimed; "that is your brother, down by the onion field, is it not, Frieda?"

It was indeed Fritz who was walking toward them; but he was no longer the gay, singing Fritz of the morning. His soft riding-hat was gone, his coat was spattered with mud, and his riding-boots were wet through and through.

Walking straight up to Frieda he handed her the reading-book, saying as he did so, "I am sorry that it is torn." Then he shook hands politely with each of the circle-sisters.

"Did you give the reading-lesson?" asked Frieda, looking at the torn and muddy book.

"Ja," replied Fritz briefly, and turned to go to the house.

"It is time for our sewing," suggested Frieda, and led the way to the sewing-room where her mother was waiting to set each little girl to work.

For an hour the needles flew fast and the tongues faster as the four little maids stitched on the coarse garments and chattered about their work and play, their homes, their gardens, their friends, — anything and everything that came into their heads.

"I wonder what Fritz did to my reading-book," Frieda said at last. Just then her brother, dressed in clean, dry clothes, came into the room, laughing at the little maid whom he had met in the hall, and who had stopped him to say, "My name is Maria Ria. I came this morning and I hope I serve you well."

"Now I will tell you the story of the reading-lesson," he said. "Listen! This morning when I went into the garden I looked for Max and Maurice' because I thought they would be the hardest to find. But they were quite easy to find at first."

"At first!" repeated Frieda. "How many times did you find them?"

"Many times," said Fritz grimly, "because, as fast as I left them in the garden-house while I went to look for the other children, they ran away and hid."

"Where did you find them at first?" asked Hilda, trying not to laugh.

"In their mother's kitchen," he replied. "She had put them on the tall stove in the corner because they had changed her molasses and vinegar jugs and made her spoil her gingerbread."

"Ach!" shrieked all the circle-sisters together.

"I left them all sitting quietly enough in the garden-house while I went to find Lena," continued Fritz; "but when I returned they were nowhere to be seen, and neither was my book with which I was to teach them to read."

"What did you do then?" asked Eva Kesler.

"I put Lena into the corner and went to find them again. That was not so hard, as they had gone to find the gate-keeper's boys and show them the book, and they were all coming arm in arm to meet me, singing at the top of their lungs."

"Just hear!" exclaimed Frieda. "There never were such funny boys."

"Soon I had all five of them sitting before me while I pointed out the words," Fritz continued; "but it was easy to see that they had little interest in the shape of the letters. Their eyes were everywhere except on the book. Then Lena began to cry because she was thirsty, and when I let her go to get some water she came not back again. It was when I went to look for her that Max and Maurice lost themselves once more."

The circle-sisters were laughing merrily, and

Frieda could not help saying mischievously, "It seems that Herr Fritz von Wentzel found it not so easy to play the part of teacher."

"You will see," replied her brother. "I had three pupils before me when I had found Lena again, so I read them the very shortest story in the book and then sent them off to play while I went to find Max and Maurice."

"And where did you find them?" asked Ursula Zimmer. "Was it in the onion-bed?"

"Where did I not find them?" exclaimed Fritz. "First they were right at my heels with a whistle to raise the hair on my head. Then when I turned to catch them they had slipped into the stable, and led me upstairs and down, from one hiding-place to another. I drove them from the stable to the great hay-barn; and then they led me through the duck-pond, where they tripped me up; but there I caught them both."

"What did you do then?" asked Frieda.

"I thought it was time for them to learn that Fritz von Wentzel meant to teach them to read," replied her brother, "and for one hour did they sit before me in the garden-house and learn the words which I pointed out to them."

"Will you teach them again to-morrow?" asked Frieda, expecting, of course, that he would refuse.

"That I will," Fritz answered promptly. "I

will teach them every day until I go to Berlin. They may not learn to read; but they will learn to come when I call them."

"The Frau von Wentzel desires that you will take your coffee on the terrace," announced the little maid at the door.

"That is Maria Ria," Frieda told her friends as they followed the maid through the long halls to the terrace. "She came this morning, and she hopes she serves us well," she added with a laugh. And Maria Ria did, indeed, serve the circle-sisters to their cakes and coffee so very well that Frau von Wentzel praised her and sent her away in a great flutter.

"Mahlzeit!" Frieda said to each of her guests when the cakes were all eaten. "Mahlzeit!" they replied, shaking hands with her.

"The cakes were delicious," added Ursie Zimmer.

"I made them myself," said Frieda proudly.

"There is nothing you cannot do, liebe Frieda," said Hilda Lenk enviously.

"Mother says I have no time to be idle," Frieda replied earnestly. "When she is not busy with her housekeeping she is teaching me how to do something useful. Come and see my bees," she added. "That is the place to learn to be busy."

So they all ran down to see the bee-hives, and then Frieda led the way to the duck-pond. "There is

an egg for each one of you under those trees," she said, pointing to some low willows that grew at the edge of the water.

"This is like hunting for Easter eggs," said Eva. "I found six last Easter morning."

"I have found one now," announced Hilda; "but it is tied with a string."

"Pull the string," suggested Frieda; and when Hilda pulled, down tumbled a basket from the branches of the tree.

"Here's mine!" cried Eva Kesler, picking up an egg and pulling down another basket; and then they all three helped Ursula hunt for her egg.

"They are harvest-baskets," Frieda told them, when all three baskets had been pulled out of the trees. "Mother says we are to fill them."

So off across the fields tripped the circle-sisters, and Frieda flew from one bed to another, pulling onions, picking peppers and tomatoes, cutting off cucumbers, until the baskets were almost full to the brim. Then over each she spread a trailing spray of hops from the hop-vines.

"Ach, such a beautiful surprise!" said Ursula, with shining eyes.

"My basket is so full that I can hardly carry it," said Eva Kesler, tugging it along with both hands.

"The carriage is waiting," announced Maria Ria, who had come running across the field to

meet them; but just then Frieda caught sight of Lena Schmidt driving a flock of white geese up from the duck-pond, and she sent the little maid to get some eggs for the baskets.

It seemed as if the children would never get started for home, for when the eggs had found a place between the peppers and tomatoes, Frieda saw Max and Maurice eating some apples, and she sent the two boys off on a run to the orchard to find apples and pears for the harvest-baskets.

At last, however, the three circle-sisters, with their big bouquets and their overflowing baskets, were snugly tucked away in the carriage; the last good-bye had been said; "Danke schön!" had been repeated over and over again, and the horses were trotting down the long avenue to the great gate.

"Oh, it was beautiful!" sighed Eva Kesler.

"Such onions and such cabbages!" murmured Ursula, hugging her harvest-basket.

"Frieda shall sit on the sofa in the company-room when we meet at my house next week," said Hilda Lenk, "and no one shall sit beside her."

Now the sofa in the company-room of a German house is the high seat of honor; and when Frieda was invited to sit on the stiff sofa all alone she said "Danke schön" very politely to her hostess; but she sat, instead, in the little sewing-chair, and sewed as fast as the others.

CHAPTER VII

“ UNDER THE LINDENS ”

“ Tante Hess, I am shivering in my shoes,” said Fritz on the morning after his arrival in Berlin.

“ I hope you are like Hans in the fairy story who could shiver and shake but had no fear,” replied his aunt. “ Come now, we will go at once to see if Herr Klingler will take you for a pupil. Then your shivering will be over for the day.”

Fritz tried his violin bow to see if it were in good condition, put his violin carefully into its leather case, and the two left the apartment and went down the stairs to the street.

The old porter who locked and unlocked the door of the large apartment house touched his cap as they passed, saying, “ Guten Tag.”

“ It would be a good day if I didn't have to play for Herr Klingler,” said Fritz. “ Is it too far to walk to his house? ”

“ No,” replied his aunt, “ we have only to cross this end of the Thiergarten and walk two blocks down Unter den Linden.”

“ Unter den Linden ” is the name of the finest street in Berlin, the capital city of Germany, and



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THE BRANDENBURG GATE AT BERLIN

Notice the bronze figure of Victory driving four spirited horses. Page 47

is one of the famous streets of Europe. It takes a straight course for nearly a mile across the city, beginning at the Brandenburg Gate and ending at the statue of Frederick the Great. At one end is the large park called the Thiergarten; at the other is the island in the River Spree where stands the present Emperor's palace.

It amused Frau Hess to see the interest which Fritz seemed to show in everything they passed. He stopped so often and asked so many questions that at last she laughed outright.

“ You know you do not really care about those things now,” she said. “ You are only trying to put off the hour with Herr Klingler. But our appointment is for eleven o'clock and we must hurry. It would never do to keep him waiting a moment.”

The music master greeted them briefly. He set the boy to playing at once, and walked up and down the room while Fritz played two short selections which he had been practising for weeks, — ever since it had been decided that he should come to Berlin to study music.

When he finished, Herr Klingler nodded his head and turned to Frau Hess. “ Yes,” he said, “ he may come on Friday at two o'clock for his first lesson.” Then he turned to speak to a young woman who came timidly forward with her violin tucked under her arm.

"Now you shall do a little sight-seeing as a reward for playing so well," said Frau Hess, and led the way back to the beautiful avenue of the lindens. "This time you may stop as often as you wish, and ask all the questions you can think of," she added; but Fritz walked along very quietly, looking eagerly at the strange sights on the city streets.

The leaves were already beginning to fall from the linden trees which give the broad avenue its name; but the sun was shining brightly, the house fronts were still gay with the bright blossoms and trailing vines which filled the window-boxes, and the festoons of flowers that hung from tree to tree swayed gently in the breeze.

What throngs of people there were! What horses, what carriages, what riders, what soldiers in uniform! It was the most exciting place for a mile that Fritz could imagine.

"Look," he said at last, as a magnificent carriage drawn by a pair of splendid black horses rolled past them; "was that soldierly-looking man the Kaiser?"

"No," replied his aunt, "you would soon know if the Emperor were coming. Besides, I think he is still at his summer home in Potsdam. If he is in Berlin there will be a purple flag flying over his palace at the farther end of this avenue. We will go and see."

"These other people seem to be going there, too,"

said Fritz, as one group after another hurried past them.

" It is time for the changing of the guard," said his aunt, looking at her watch. " The soldiers march across from the armory to the guard-house a little after noon, and there is military music for an hour. It is one of the attractions of Berlin."

" In Frieda's lesson-reader," Fritz told his aunt as they hurried along, " there was a story about Emperor William. He said that he had to stand at the window every day to watch the mounting of his guard, because the guide-book said that he might be seen there."

" That was Emperor William I," replied Frau Hess, " and there is the very window where he stood," she added, pointing to a vine-covered balcony overlooking the street. " I have seen him there many times."

" There comes the guard!" cried Fritz, climbing upon a stone post to get a better view of the soldiers. But in a moment a policeman came up and touched him on the shoulder. " It is forbidden to stand on the posts," he said, and Fritz jumped down quicker than he had climbed up.

" There is the monument to Frederick the Great," said Frau Hess to hide the boy's confusion, and she pointed to an enormous bronze figure of a man on horseback, mounted on a huge granite block. " It

has been called the finest bronze monument in the world; but the National Denkmal is also very fine. Come and I will show it to you."

"And leave this music?" cried Fritz, who had been watching the crowds and listening eagerly to the military band, and was loath to leave the place.

Frau Hess waited good-naturedly for the boy to see the whole ceremony of the guard-mount, but she called his attention once more to the statue of the great Frederick. "He was the greatest of all the Prussian kings," she said.

"Why do you always say 'Prussia'?" questioned Fritz.

"Have you forgotten," replied his aunt, "that for hundreds of years Germany was made up of many different states which were constantly at war with each other and with the surrounding nations? Prussia was the largest of them all, and the Prussian kings were mighty men.

"When all the twenty-six states were united into an empire the King of Prussia was made the German Emperor, and so it has been ever since."

"Can you remember when it happened?" asked Fritz.

"It was in 1871. I was only ten years old; but I can remember hearing my father talk about it," Frau Hess answered, as she led the way to the bridge over the River Spree.

They stopped for a moment to watch a lumber barge which was being towed slowly under the bridge; but Fritz was still thinking of kings and emperors.

"Why was Frederick called 'the Great'?" he asked his aunt.

"Because he was great in his character, and also in what he accomplished for his country," she replied. "He was like a father to his people, and looked after the welfare of every part of his kingdom. He built good roads, established schools, and insisted that the children should be educated. He was a famous general and led his soldiers in so many victories that his name will never be forgotten.

"Our history is a history of warfare, and you will find that we have many great heroes and many monuments which commemorate their deeds. Come now, and I will show you the monument to our beloved Emperor William I," she added, starting once more toward the gardens and palaces at the other end of the bridge.

"Here are plenty of statues on this bridge," said Fritz, hurrying after her.

"Yes," she answered, "Berlin is the Denkmal city. It is filled with monuments and statues. That is one way by which we teach our boys history and patriotism.

"There is the palace of our present Emperor,"

she added, pointing to an enormous building surrounded by beautiful gardens. "This part of the city is an island in the River Spree, and it was here that the first settlement was made over eight hundred years ago.

"Little did those early settlers think when they built their rude fishers' huts on this island that it would some day be the home of the German Emperor."

"So Kaiser Wilhelm II lives on this island. Is he in the palace now, do you think?" Fritz asked, gazing eagerly at the windows.

"No; there is the flag-pole, but no purple flag. He is, no doubt, still in Potsdam," Frau Hess answered. Then she motioned toward several stately buildings which stand not far from the royal palace. "There are the old and the new museums, and the beautiful new cathedral with its massive dome; and here is the Lustgarten, the loveliest park in the whole city."

In the Lustgarten there were fountains and statues and beds of beautiful blossoms. Groups of children were playing under the trees or running up and down the broad walks, and Frau Hess and Fritz found a seat beside an enormous stone basin where they could rest for a moment.

The huge basin, which was made out of a single block of granite, seemed to attract a great deal of

attention, and many people stopped to look at it. At last two boys came down the path and the younger lad climbed up to dip his fingers into the water.

"I'd like to have this bowl filled with boiled rice," he turned to say to his brother.

"So! But why?" gasped the brother, more amazed at the size of the wish than at the size of the bowl.

"Because then I should know the feeling of enough to eat for once," replied the little lad with a laugh.

"Just hear!" exclaimed Fritz. "Do you suppose he is hungry?"

"No, indeed," replied his aunt. "He is too well dressed for that. Come, let us follow them," she suggested, as the two lads walked away, still talking of the stone basin and how they would choose to have it filled.

As Fritz and his aunt passed out of the park and walked around to the opposite side of the Emperor's palace, they came suddenly upon an enormous monument. The two boys were there before them and the older one was saying, "This must be the monument which Herr Mark spoke of yesterday afternoon."

Fritz looked up at his aunt in amazement. "Did you hear that?" he whispered. "He said 'Herr Mark.' Could it be my Herr Mark that he means?"

But his aunt shook her head, and stood still to watch the boys who were talking about the monument.

"That is Kaiser Wilhelm," the older lad told his brother, pointing to a bronze figure of a man, on a horse which was being led by a figure of Peace. "That statue over there represents North Germany, and this one stands for South Germany; it all means that Wilhelm I held them both together in peace."

"He is right," Frau Hess said to Fritz. "For hundreds of years there was warfare between the states of Germany; but while Wilhelm I was king of Prussia all the twenty-six states were united and he was made Emperor of the Germans, both of the North and the South. This monument was erected to commemorate the Union."

"When we were in Hamburg, Herr Mark told us that it was Bismarck who helped to bring about the Union," said Fritz. "Do you not remember? It was when we saw Bismarck's statue."

"There is a statue to Bismarck here in Berlin, too," replied his aunt. "It is near the Column of Victory which stands over there in the Thiergarten," and she pointed to a column almost two hundred feet high, crowned with a shining figure of Victory, with flashing wings reflecting the bright sun. "That column commemorates our victories

over the Danes, the Austrians and the French, and it has three rows of cannon in its shaft which our soldiers captured in the wars.

“ The Brandenburg Gate has another figure of Victory, a goddess driving four spirited horses. Napoleon captured Berlin in 1807, and carried away this Victory to Paris; but seven years later General Blücher brought it home again.”

“ Where are the boys? ” exclaimed Fritz. “ I was going to ask them about Herr Mark.”

“ We will ask Herr Mark about them, and make arrangements for your lessons,” said Frau Hess, and she beckoned to a droschke driver.

“ Perhaps the boys are Herr Mark’s pupils,” she added, as they took their seats in the droschke. “ I hope they are. It will be a good thing for you to know boys as well as history.”

They found Herr Mark at home, and Fritz and his aunt were welcomed and introduced to the whole family — the Herr Doctor, who was a professor in Berlin’s famous University; his wife, a typical German hausfrau; and the little sister Gretchen, a fair-faced, blue-eyed girl, with rosy cheeks and long braids of shining yellow hair.

Frau Hess was given the seat of honor on the sofa, and cakes and coffee were served to the guests by Frau Mark herself, while Gretchen shyly passed a plate of kringles.

"Fritz is most anxious to begin his lessons," Frau Hess told the tutor with a laugh.

"He can come in the morning," replied Herr Mark. "I have two boys who come in the afternoon. They are Ernst and Otto, sons of Baron von Eisen, and they are spending the winter with their aunt here in Berlin."

"We saw two boys in the Lustgarten who spoke of you," said Frau Hess. "Is one tall and thin, with a serious face and spectacles?"

"And is one short and fat and very jolly?" added Fritz.

"They are the very boys," replied Herr Mark. "I am going to take them to-morrow to see the Emperor's Review. Their father has sent me a carriage-ticket. There will be room for Fritz, too, if he may go with us."

The Emperor's Review! The most wonderful parade of soldiers in the whole world! Of course Fritz could go. It was the chance of a life-time. And all the voices rose together in eager plans for the carriage, and the luncheon, and an early start.

"They can take sandwiches and cheese," suggested Frau Mark.

"And kringles," added Gretchen.

"And a bowl of rice for Otto," said Fritz with a laugh, — "a bowl as big as the stone basin in the Lustgarten."

CHAPTER VIII

THE EMPEROR'S REVIEW

“Donnerwetter! but it is good to be a German soldier!” exclaimed Fritz.

“It is better to be a German officer, to wear a white plume on your helmet and ride on a black horse!” cried Otto.

“And to dash along at the head of the line, with all the medals on your breast flashing in the sun,” added Ernst, as an officer covered with medals whirled past them on a prancing horse. “There you go, Otto, right over the wheels! I knew it would happen. Get in here, now, and sit still.”

Otto picked himself up from the ground and sprang back to his place in the droschke beside Fritz. Herr Mark looked to see that the three boys were all safely seated in the carriage, and then turned his attention once more to the regiments of soldiers that were arriving, one after another, upon the field.

It was the day for the Emperor's Review, which has been held on the Tempelhofer Feld twice every year, in May and September, since 1721. The Emperor invites his royal guests to review the soldiers with him, and the space which is allotted to

spectators is packed with people who go to see this famous sight.

The parade ground is about two miles square, and it is so level that with field glasses every part of it can easily be seen. When Herr Mark and his boys arrived that morning, and the driver found a place for the droschke at one end of the field, ten thousand soldiers were already there, although it was only eight o'clock.

Regiment after regiment continued to arrive until fifty-one thousand men were assembled, and the boys became so enthusiastic over the soldiers, and the horses, and the bands of music, that it was small wonder Otto fell over the wheels in his excitement.

The infantry was lined up for two miles across one side of the field. To the left stood the cavalry, to the right the artillery, thus forming three sides of a hollow square; and stationed here and there, up and down the lines, were bands of music.

The officers stood in front of their companies, making a splendid sight in their brilliant uniforms and shining medals, and occasionally one would go galloping across the parade ground, or come dashing down the field to the entrance gate.

"Two perfectly straight miles of cartridge belts," said Ernst with a long breath, as he looked down the ranks of infantry.

"Yes, and the coats make a perfectly straight line below the belts," added Fritz. "It is only the spiked helmets that go up and down."

"What do you expect," cried Ernst; "that all the men in the army will be the same height? Even the Giant Grenadiers were not all the same. There was one man who was over seven feet tall, but some of them —"

"Look, look!" cried Otto. "See that officer dashing across the field. Where is he going?" and he clambered upon the carriage seat for a better view, but was pulled back again and held firmly by his brother.

"Do you see all the different colors?" asked Ernst of nobody in particular. "There are the scarlet Zouaves, and the blue Dragoons, and the —"

"See the men in the white uniforms and the gold helmets," interrupted Otto. "That is what I shall wear when I am a soldier, — a gold helmet with a white plume, and I shall —"

But a blare of trumpets interrupted his dreams. There was a crash of music from the bands, a shout, "The Kaiserin comes!" and looking toward the entrance gate, the boys saw Empress Augusta, who is a field officer in the army, galloping toward the field.

She was dressed in white satin, with white plumes in her hat, and she was followed by twenty officers

in full uniform. As she rode across the parade ground every man among the spectators took off his hat, while the women waved their handkerchiefs, and the officers saluted as she passed.

Then the Kaiser and his guard, all mounted on magnificent black horses, appeared on the field, and a deafening hurrah burst from every throat as His Majesty rode down between the lines of soldiers to meet the Kaiserin.

In the center of the field stood a single tree, a huge elm, and toward this tree the Emperor led the brilliant cavalcade, while the bands crashed out their music louder and louder, and the boys tossed up their caps and shouted "Hoch der Kaiser!" until they were hoarse.

Several carriages filled with royal personages, all dressed in gayest colors, took their places in the group around the tree, and then began the review of the most perfectly drilled troops in the world.

The infantry marched and countermarched; plumes of all colors waved in the sunlight, keeping time to the music; and rows of feet, twinkling in regular rhythm, moved in front of the Kaiser.

"It is just as if my toy soldiers were fastened to a board and drawn along by machinery," said Otto admiringly.

Battle flags, scarred with the history of all the

wars, fluttered their tattered shreds in the winds; the artillery rumbled and thundered; a troop of horsemen, with lances ten feet long, dashed by like a whirlwind.

Ernst sat spellbound as the grand cavalry parade, line after line in perfect order, from the first troop of light brown horses to the last troop of jet black ones, made their salute to the Emperor.

And when four thousand artillerymen with their heavy guns and ammunition-wagons rumbled across the field, all three boys thumped each other on the back and trod on one another's toes, crying, "Isn't that the best thunder you ever heard?"

"You may never see fifty-one thousand soldiers together again," said Herr Mark, as company after company marched off the field when the review was over.

"Is it the whole of the German army?" asked Otto.

Herr Mark laughed aloud. "Even the Kaiser has never seen the whole of his army," he answered. "This is only one fiftieth part of it. If war should arise, fifty times as many more could be summoned. The Emperor could place nearly three million trained soldiers in the field."

"Donnerwetter!" said the boys softly, making big eyes at one another, and it was many days before they stopped talking about the glory of it all.

CHAPTER IX

A TRIP TO TOYLAND

"Is it that mein lieber Fritz has the homesickness?" asked Frau Hess, putting her arm about the boy's shoulders and looking down into his face.

She held a little book in her hand in which she had just signed her name to a "lob." A "lob" is a German reward of merit in the shape of a few written words of praise, and Herr Mark sent a book home to Frau Hess every day in which he wrote either praise or blame, as the boy deserved.

If Fritz had done anything naughty it was written down in the book for Frau Hess to sign; and if he missed going to his recitations his aunt had to write the reason in this same dreadful little book.

Every morning Fritz started out at the regular school hour, his books in a square back-sack, called a school-pocket, which slipped over his arms and shoulders and was strapped flat to his back.

Hundreds of boys, carrying school-pockets filled with books, were hurrying through the streets on their way to the city schools. But Fritz went, instead, to the home of his tutor, where he spent the

morning studying and reciting. Then in the afternoon he practised three hours on his violin; and twice every week he had a lesson with Herr Klingler.

This he had been doing for ten or eleven weeks. It was harder work than he had ever known back in Schloss Wentzel, and his face had lost its tan, his cheeks were no longer rosy.

That morning the postman had brought him a letter from Frieda in which she sent him "thousands of greetings and kisses," and the message from home had brought a sober look to his face. But he answered Frau Hess with a little laugh at the idea of his being homesick, and taking his "lob" book from her hand, went off to his lessons.

"Ach, how our boys have to work in Germany!" sighed his aunt as she watched him hurrying down the street. "They must pass such hard examinations if they do not wish to serve more than one year in the army. And Fritz must have his music besides."

Then a thought came to her, and she nodded her head as she often did when she was thinking of something pleasant.

"We will take a little holiday," she said aloud. "Fritz has never seen the mountains of Germany. The change will do him good. He shall forget his lessons and think of the blessed Weihnacht which will soon be here."

Weihnacht means Holy Night, and is the German name for Christmas Eve. It means also mystery, excitement, joy, and the giving of presents from everyone to everyone else.

The holiday feeling begins three weeks before Christmas, when the green firs from the forest come marching into the cities, and when St. Nicholas makes his round from window to window looking for the shoes of good children.

Frau Hess decided that Fritz should not wait for the holidays, but should go at once to meet the procession of trees and take a peep into the workshop of the good St. Nicholas. For, of course, Nuremberg, the city of toys, must surely be the headquarters of the Christmas saint.

When Fritz returned from his lessons that noon with a "tadel" instead of his usual "lob," she comforted him with a cheery, "Listen, now! I shall sign my name without reading the explanation, for I do not care about your naughtiness to-day. We are going to Nuremberg to-morrow."

"To Nuremberg," repeated Fritz, "where they make the dolls and toys? Good! I can almost smell the paint and glue this minute," and he sniffed his nose in a comical way as he ran out of the room to put away his books.

A note was sent to Herr Mark asking him to go with them to the quaintest city of all Germany;

and another note was sent to Mrs. Blake asking her and her daughter to join the party, — and a merry party it made.

“We shall not come back from Nuremberg with you,” said Mrs. Blake after they had found seats in the train. “We may not get so far south again, so we are going on to see something of Munich.”

“Munich is a beautiful modern city,” replied Frau Hess; “but you would find the Black Forest more interesting. There you would see picturesque costumes and quaint customs, and you would find whole families at work in their own homes, carving wood into all sorts of useful articles, and making cuckoo clocks by the thousand.”

“I have been reading in my guide book about Nuremberg,” Alice told Fritz. “It is a very, very old city, and is surrounded by a wall and a moat which were built hundreds of years ago to protect the city, when the robber knights used to ride through the country destroying property and killing people. The walls were very thick, and they used to have as many towers as there are days in the year. Most of the towers and some of the walls are gone now.

“There are four gates in the walls, with a great round tower near each gate. In olden times the gates were closed day and night, and the drawbridge in front of them was drawn up; but they have not been closed now for over fifty years.

“The moat was thirty feet deep and one hundred feet wide, and it could be filled with water from the river. On top of the wall there was a covered passage with little openings, so that the guard could keep a look-out in every direction for the approach of the enemy.”

“Perhaps we shall see a procession of toys marching around the old walls and tumbling off into the dry moat,” suggested Fritz with a laugh, and then the two began to plan what they should buy in the shops of the city.

But they soon forgot the toys, for they were riding through the country and Fritz was looking eagerly at the snow-clad fields and forests which reminded him of home. They crossed the Elbe and saw barges floating down to Hamburg, “loaded with toys,” they said; but Herr Mark said seriously that toys are but a small part of the freight which passes over Germany’s fifty-one navigable rivers. Whereupon Fritz and his friend began whispering their nonsense to one another lest Herr Mark should frown on it.

They saw in the distance the Hartz Mountains, about which Frau Hess’s canary bird had never stopped singing, and Alice told how she had once had a canary from those very mountains. The tutor explained that they were the beginning of the highlands of Germany; but the young people did not



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MARKET-DAY IN NUREMBERG

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hear him, — their minds were too full of dreams of the treasures of Nuremberg and the happy days to come.

“I shall buy a music box for Frieda,” said Fritz.

“And I shall buy the biggest Noah’s Ark I can find for my own self,” said Alice Blake decidedly. “I have always wanted one with animals enough to make a procession all around the room.”

But when they were actually within the city walls, the dreams vanished in the crooked old streets, or floated away on the quiet waters of the lovely River Pegnitz which cuts the city in two; and they found so many new things claiming their attention every moment that they almost forgot the toys.

They wandered up and down the streets, gazing at the old houses, most of which had been standing at least five hundred years; they visited the home of Albrecht Dürer, who was a famous artist and engraver and who also designed the four round towers at the city gates.

Then they went to see the birthplace of Martin Behaim, who was a friend of Christopher Columbus, and who believed with him that the world was round. He made a globe in 1492 on which he traced the voyage of Columbus, and that very globe was to be seen in the house where he was born.

“Look, Mother, do look here!” cried Alice when she saw it. “Look at this island out here in the

Atlantic Ocean. This is what he thought of North America. How surprised he would be if he could see it now."

"They didn't know anything about North America in olden times," said Mrs. Blake, as they stood later in the old castle which for five hundred years was one of the homes of the Emperors who ruled the Germans; "but they certainly did understand painting and wood-carving."

"It seems like living in the Middle Ages to wander through these rooms," said Frau Hess.

"I don't like to feel so middle-aged!" exclaimed Alice. "Come, let us go out and buy toys and gingerbread from the funny old women at the booths!"

There is an old saying that

"Nuremberg's hand
Goes through every land,"

and it must surely be true, for every year tons and tons of dolls and toys of every kind are made in the homes and shops of the city and its surrounding towns and shipped to all parts of the world.

Alice found so many beautiful dolls, and Fritz so many fascinating toys, that the music box and the Noah's Ark gathered toy after toy around them until Frau Hess declared that they would have to hire one of the river barges to carry their gifts to Berlin.

No one was forgotten, not even Hans Wendling, for whom Fritz bought a wooden medal carved with a queer mixture of gabled houses, crooked streets and storks' nests. "Hans is making a collection of medals," Fritz told his aunt. "He will like this one. It comes from his own Bavaria."

"He would like best a glimpse of his wonderful snow-capped mountains," replied Frau Hess. "We will send him a postcard of them this very day."

On the way to buy the postcard they stopped at the house of a wood-carver, where they found two men who had not been away from their home in the mountains long enough to change their leather knee-breeches and fancy stockings for the overalls of the city workmen.

They were carving birds for cuckoo clocks and were cutting them out with such skill that Fritz stood for a long time watching them. The room where they were working had but one window, which was made up of half-a-dozen little doors, each one of which would swing open singly; and each door was made of nine bull's-eyes of amber-colored glass.

A little shelf was piled high with carved knives, spoons, trays and birds; on a low table under the window stood a couple of stone mugs; while chips and shavings were scattered everywhere.

In one corner stood a tall porcelain stove which

gave out a comfortable warmth, for the day was cold. "That must be the Nuremberg stove," exclaimed Fritz. "I read a story about it once."

Then he caught sight of a railway advertisement which hung on the wall, surrounded by saws and knives. It was a picture of high, snow-capped mountains, deep valleys, and swift streams, with a railway train rushing out of a tunnel in the side of the mountain.

"It reminds us of home," said one of the men, when he saw that Fritz was studying the picture intently.

"It reminds me that we must be going home," said Frau Hess. "There is much to do for Christmas."

So the next morning they bade good-bye to Mrs. Blake and her daughter, and followed the procession of Christmas trees down to Berlin.

CHAPTER X

CHRISTMAS TREES

“LIEBER FRITZ VON WENTZEL:—

“Will you so very great pleasure make me as to share my Christmas joy with me at 8 Motzstrasse, on Christmas Eve?”

The pretty letter of invitation was written in English and signed with the name of Herr Mark's little sister Gretchen.

“I should like very much to go,” Fritz said, showing the letter to his aunt. “Shall you be lonely without me?”

“Perhaps I shall not be lonely, and perhaps you will be glad that you went,” she replied with an odd little laugh, and went on with her writing while Fritz wondered why she laughed.

“Is it a surprise?” he asked after a few moments.

“Yes,” she replied; “a surprise and a secret. Run, now, and write the answer to your invitation, and then bring me your list of gifts. I have mine almost finished, and I shall go out soon to buy the Weihnachtsbaum.”

The Weihnachtsbaum is the tree which every

family in Germany, rich and poor alike, sets up for Holy Night, the night before Christmas. It is beautifully decorated, and is lighted with many candles; but the Christmas gifts are placed on a table, and the tree is enjoyed for its beauty.

Fritz was at his aunt's side in a few minutes saying eagerly, "Bitte, Tante Hess, may I go with you now to buy the tree?"

She laughed merrily, saying as she rose, "And then you will ask, 'Now may I not hang the gold and silver balls, the festoons and the nuts, the colored candles, the lanterns of glass, and everything under the sun to make the tree sparkle and shine, upon every tip and spray of the green branches?'"

"That is just what I shall ask; and may I?" laughed Fritz, and together the two went out into the city streets.

"How good it smells!" cried Fritz, sniffing the air. "It makes me think of the forest at home."

"How beautiful it is!" exclaimed Frau Hess.

And every one of the hundreds of people on the streets said the same thing. That was because the streets were lined with Christmas trees, and all the open squares were little fragrant forests. In every market-place, and in every place that could be used as a market, there were countless booths filled with gifts. And everyone was out to see the sights and buy the gifts, for Christmas in Berlin is the

greenest, brightest, happiest, merriest, most fragrant time of the whole year.

The flower shops were a feast to the eyes; the jewellers' windows were ablaze with jewels; the toy shops were hung with festoons of dolls, toy soldiers, drums and games, — everything that delights a child; and at the booths one might buy gifts by the dozen, — wooden animals, knit dolls, candles, paper flowers, wax figures, gilded nuts and pfeffer kuchen.

This pfeffer kuchen is a kind of hard spice-cake which is for sale in all the shops and booths at Christmas time. It is cut into all sorts of shapes — big squares and little ones, stars, circles, hearts, animals, funny boys and girls — and is sometimes frosted or decorated with nuts and candies.

Frau Hess led Fritz from street to street, from market-place to market-place, and from square to square, buying little gifts, green wreaths, and ornaments for the Weihnachtsbaum.

At last they came to a large square which was filled with hundreds of booths and crowded with men, women and children, all screaming and yelling, and rushing about crying, "Only five pfennige! Only ten pfennige! Please buy! Please buy!"

"It is the Holy Night Market," Frau Hess explained, when she saw the look of amazement on the boy's face. "It is a very ancient custom

that the poor people should be permitted to sell their wares here for two weeks before Holy Night, and they look forward for months to making a little money in this way."

They stayed for a long time in the market while Fritz bought whistles, rattles, picture books, tops, and gilded nuts, until his pockets were full to overflowing. When they came out again on Unter den Linden the short winter afternoon was over and darkness had settled over the city.

But now, indeed, it was like fairyland, and the darkness was forgotten in the blaze of electricity. From the statue of Frederick the Great to the Brandenburg Gate every house flashed a greeting, the shop windows were dazzling, the streets were as light as day.

"Oh, if Frieda could only see it!" cried Fritz; but just then his aunt stopped at the street corner to buy the Weihnachtsbaum, and he did not see the odd smile on her face.

"We will buy two little trees," she decided, after looking them all over carefully. "We can put one on the table in the hall, and one in the window for everyone to see."

In the Thiergarten crowds of skaters were hurrying to the lakes, where bands of music were pealing out a Christmas welcome, and Fritz felt his blood tingle from head to foot with a gay delight.



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THE DUCK-POND AT SCHLOSS WENTZEL

Poplar trees, trimmed for fuel and with new growth showing, are a common feature of the German landscape. *Page 75*

"Frieda and I learned to skate on the duck pond at home," he told his aunt; "but we never had music for our skating. I shall tell Frieda about it when I see her."

"So you shall," said Frau Hess, with the same funny smile, and hurried so fast toward home that there was no time for questions.

Then came the joy of trimming the trees, which took so long and kept Fritz so bubbling over with laughter as Aunt Hess made joke after joke, that it was almost midnight when the last long rope of tinsel was twisted through the branches, and the last handful of gleaming frost scattered over the green sprays.

"And to-morrow night there will be the Weihnachtsbaum and the surprise at Gretchen Mark's house," murmured Fritz, and he fell asleep wondering what the secret could be.

CHAPTER XI

A NIGHT OF SURPRISES

In Germany there are three days at Christmas time when the shops are closed and people go to church, and make calls on their friends, carrying little gifts for remembrance. These days are called the first, second and third holidays, and there is merry-making everywhere for both old and young.

Down in Munich, which is a long way from Berlin, a lighted candle is set in the window on Christmas Eve so that the little Christ-Child may have light on his trip around the world to bless good children.

And surely two children in Berlin had their blessing, although they knew nothing of the lighted candles, for when Fritz reached the home of Herr Mark, there was his little sister Frieda.

The Weihnachtsbaum, so beautifully trimmed that it looked like a twin to the one Fritz had trimmed the night before, stood on a low table in the center of the room, and standing beside it, her face all smiles and dimples and excitement, stood Frieda, crying, "Wilkommen, Fritz!"

And while Fritz was trying to swallow the great lump of gladness which he suddenly found in his

throat, Herr Mark and Gretchen, the Herr Doctor and his wife, were all shaking hands with him and saying, "Wilkommen, Fritz!" till he could find his voice and tell Frieda how very, very glad he was to see her.

Then, after the greetings were over, all the family stood quietly around the tree while they sang, "Holy Night, Blessed Night!" and Herr Mark read the story of the birth of the Babe in Bethlehem.

"The bright star on the top of our Christmas Tree shines to guide us in the right way, just as the Star of Bethlehem shone so many years ago to guide the three Wise Men of the East to the little Child lying in the humble manger," the good Doctor told the children, and he offered a prayer that their feet might be guided in the right paths by their remembrance of the Christ-Child.

After they had sung another Christmas hymn, and Fritz and Frieda had received their little gifts and eaten some of Frau Mark's pfeffer kuchen, it was time for Herr Mark to take them home.

"Ach, how beautiful!" cried Frieda as they walked through Unter den Linden and she saw for the first time a great city celebrating Christmas.

Bells were rejoicing, and sleighbells were jingling; there was light and music everywhere, with crowds of merry children and happy fathers and mothers hurrying here and there.

Many a belated tree was walking along on two legs, stopping to look into a shop window full of toys, or dashing across the crowded thoroughfare from one sidewalk to the other, and Frieda clung to Fritz, giving little shrieks of delight at everything she saw.

Then they were in the drawing-room at home, where the dozens of candles on the two trees were all glowing with light; and, wonder of wonders, there beside Frau Hess stood the dear father and mother who had come to Berlin for the holidays!

It was surely a night of surprises for Fritz, and of happiness for everyone.

But the joy of Christmas Eve was nothing to the pleasure of the next day, when, after the morning coffee, Frau Hess led the way into the drawing-room where a table of gifts had been prepared for each member of the household, including the servants.

"Look, even Bursché has his table!" cried Frieda with delight.

Bursché was Frau Hess's little dog, and he was already sniffing about on the low table which had been spread for him. On it there was a dog's raincoat and four tiny rubber boots, because it rains so often in Berlin; then there was also a plate of pfeffer kuchen, and some of the chocolate candy which he dearly loved.

After Bursché had tried on the coat and boots and eaten some of his candy, everyone was ready to examine and admire the gifts on the other tables. There were aprons and sashes and head-dresses for the servants, pieces of wood-carving, books and pictures for Herr von Wentzel, china and glass and bits of jewelry for Frau Hess and her sister.

For Frieda there was the music box from Nuremberg — an orchestra of tiny dogs, each playing a different instrument — and for Fritz a wonderful violin made by a famous old violin-maker.

And as Christmas day is the one holiday of the three when the people make merry at home, after dinner there was more fun, with songs and stories and games for young and old.

Then Fritz played on his new violin and Frieda brought out her doggies' orchestra. Frau Hess took up a plate of pfeffer kuchen which played a tune while she passed it to her guests; the chair that hid a music box in its seat, — that also played a little tune. There was never so much noise and confusion!

"What is there left for fun?" asked Frieda, when she went to bed at last, and fell asleep with the smell of fir trees and wax candles wafting her to dreams of an enchanted world.

CHAPTER XII

THE FLIGHT OF AN AIRSHIP

It had seemed a long morning to Fritz. The frosty air had set his blood to tingling, and his thoughts kept wandering from his lessons to the lively world outside. When Herr Mark spoke of Frederick the Great, the boy's mind had travelled far away from Berlin to Schloss Wentzel and his pony, Zeppelin IV.

"We make but little of a certain event in the life of the young prince," the tutor was saying, "because such things are better forgotten. Yet it is true that when Frederick was a young man he was tried for being a deserter. Nothing else in the world is so bad as being a deserter, and the German army —"

But Fritz was thinking of the soft pine needles which his pony loved to tread, and gave no thought to the German army. Again and again Herr Mark prodded the boy by asking, "What was the next step in Frederick's career?" until Fritz said at last, "I have entirely forgotten what was the next step," and received a tadel in his report-book for being saucy.

That noon his feet carried him slowly as far as

the Brandenburg Gate on his way toward home; but stopped there because a royal carriage rolled through the central arch of the gate, bearing the Crown Princess with two of her little sons toward the palace at the east end of Unter den Linden.

The soldiers at the guard house, and the guard who stands always at the central arch to keep any but members of the royal family from passing through, saluted the Princess. Every man and boy in the street took off his cap, and Fritz followed their example.

"The Crown Princess has been to the Thiergarten to place flowers on the statue of the beloved Queen Louise," he heard a woman telling her husband. "I went there myself this morning with a pot of tulips, and the statue was almost hidden with flowers and wreaths."

At that moment a mounted policeman rode through the gate, motioning this way and that for all carriages to clear the way for the Kaiser. From far down the avenue sounded the silver notes of a bugle, and in a moment there came into view a magnificent automobile in which sat the Kaiser and the Crown Prince.

"They are going to Potsdam," the man told his wife. "There is to be a trial of a new airship this afternoon."

"An airship at Potsdam!" exclaimed Fritz, and

as he walked slowly toward home he began thinking how he had longed all his life to see an airship. Then, suddenly, he turned and hurried toward the railroad station, without even waiting to think that he ought to ask his aunt's permission.

Potsdam is seventeen miles from Berlin, and Frau Hess had often promised that she would take him there some day to see the royal palaces. "Nothing can be lovelier than the trip through the Grünewald," she had told him. "It is a royal hunting park that lies between Potsdam and Berlin. Hundreds of deer graze in the park, and on pleasant summer Sundays the Berlin fathers love to take their families there, to lunch in the restaurants or picnic under the trees."

But here was Fritz, naughty Fritz, buying his ticket to go to Potsdam alone in the middle of winter. He knew, of course, that he was a deserter, and that he should be going that very moment, violin in hand, toward the house of Herr Klingler; but the airship had taken possession of his mind, and he thought of nothing else.

At the station in Potsdam he asked the way to the field where the airship was to fly, paying no attention to the guides who were urging everyone to go at once with them to see all the beautiful palaces which have made the city famous.

He hurried along through the streets, following

a company of students who had come from Berlin on the train with him, and who had talked so eagerly about airships and balloons that he could not help listening. As he approached the field he heard a great shout, and the students began running so fast that he had hard work to keep up with them.

Then, as he ran, he looked up toward the sky, and his heart almost stood still for excitement, for there over his head soared the airship, — so big that it seemed as if it must surely come tumbling down to earth; so near that he could hear the whirr of the engine. But it sailed majestically along through the air as easily as an eagle; it rose and fell, wheeled and turned, following the guidance of the man at the steering-wheel. Almost before Fritz had time to wish that he were the man who was sitting so comfortably beside the driver, the huge bird flew slowly back to the center of the field and dropped gently to the ground.

Then there was a shout! Such a shout! For it was the Crown Prince himself who had been flying through the air, and who now stepped out of his seat and turned to shake the hand of the man who had guided the machine so safely.

“Hoch! Hoch!” the people cried; but it would have been hard to say whether they were shouting for the success of the flight, the safe return of their Prince, or his bravery in testing the machine for

himself. "Hoch! Hoch!" Fritz shouted with them, for the fun of the shouting.

But the winter afternoons in Germany are all too short; it was already beginning to grow dark, and Fritz hurried back to the station and took the train to Berlin, so wrapt in dreams of the time when he, too, might soar through the air, that he forgot he was a runaway, and wondered at his aunt's fright over his unusual absence.

"But did you not walk in the park of Sans Souci and see the terraces and grottoes and memorials of Frederick the Great; nor go to look at the Marble Palace, the New Palace, the Old Schloss, and the garrison church where Frederick was buried beside his father?" she asked, after he had told her the whole story of the day, and she had reproved him for everything.

"Ach, no!" he answered. "I cared about nothing to-day but the flight of the wonderful airship."

"Foolish boy!" exclaimed Frau Hess. "You should be thinking always of German history and German heroes. To-morrow is the Kaiser's birthday. Then you will see a sight that will make you forget the airships. Is it not so?"

"I do not know," replied Fritz. "I know only that the Crown Prince never seemed so important to me as when he was sailing in the aeroplane."

But he changed his mind on the next day when Frau Hess took him, with Otto and Ernst, to the house of a friend on Unter den Linden, and they watched the masses of people who thronged the avenue, all waiting for a sight of the War-Lord of Germany, as the Emperor is sometimes called.

No carriages except those of the foreign ambassadors or royalty were allowed on the street. Beautiful coaches drawn by magnificent horses rolled past them, bearing court ladies and officers in splendid uniforms.

Then followed the ambassadors from foreign lands, — China, Persia, Austria, Japan, France. There were nodding plumes of white and scarlet, gold and silver trappings, blazing jewels, pages and heralds, coachmen and footmen, in all the colors of the rainbow.

At noon Kaiser Wilhelm, with a body-guard of two hundred soldiers, marched to the guard house opposite the Old Schloss where he went inside to speak to his lieutenants, leaving his guard "at rest" outside. When he came out again the guard saluted, while the royal band played "Hail, Kaiser, to Thee," and at last Fritz felt all the thrill and pride of being a German subject.

"Hoch der Kaiser!" he shouted with everybody else on the avenue, and the walls echoed the cry, "Hoch der Kaiser!"

"Herr Mark told me that there is already a squadron of these airships for the army," Fritz said to Frau Hess when the day of great rejoicing was over. "The Kaiser says they would be of great use in case of war."

"He believes as did the great Frederick, and his father before him, that Germany's safety lies in its military strength," she replied. "Under his direction it has become a wonderful machine, — quite as wonderful in its way as the airships."

Then she repeated the words of the old hero-king, whose dream it was that the German nation should flourish to the end of time. "My last wishes are for the happiness of my kingdom. May it always be governed with justice, wisdom and energy; and may it be, through an army which strives only for honor and noble fame, the best defended state."

"Kaiser Wilhelm is striving to fulfil that wish by making every one of his subjects a good soldier," she added, "and you, too, lieber Fritz, must find your place in the machine, for love of the Fatherland."

"I will become an officer in the battalion of the airships," he replied, and kissed her hand good-night.

CHAPTER XIII

EASTER EGGS

"Herr Mark is going to take Ernst and Otto for a walking trip in July," Fritz told his aunt, as the two were having a cozy chat together on the night before Easter.

"Was that what you were telling Frieda this morning?"

"Ach, no! I was telling her that I was hunting for my place in the machine, as you told me I must do, on the Emperor's birthday."

"That was a funny place to look for it, — behind the great mirror," said Frau Hess, laughing at the idea.

Fritz laughed with her. "I was really looking to see if we could hide any Easter eggs there," he said, "and Frieda came into the room and caught me, so I had to make up some reason for looking behind the mirror."

"It would never do to let Frieda suspect that we hide the eggs," cried Frau Hess. "Come, we must do it at once," and she rose and began opening the boxes and packages that were piled high on a table in the corner.

On Easter Sunday the little children in Germany have a hunt for eggs all over the house, and sometimes out in the garden, and there is a story that these eggs are hidden by the little Easter hare.

Frieda and Gretchen had come to spend Easter week with Frau Hess, and as Frieda was going upstairs to bed that night she had said earnestly to Fritz, "If you will be very good, and will make up your mind not to tease me any more, perhaps the little white hare will steal into the house and hide some lovely eggs for you."

"Of course Frieda believes the story of the hare," said Fritz a bit scornfully, as he opened one of the boxes and took out a nest of beautiful, colored eggs.

"Here is a garnet ring that I *had* to buy for Gretchen," said Frau Hess with a loving smile, and she opened a blue satin egg to show the ring which lay on its white bed within. "It matches the necklace I gave her for Christmas."

Fritz nodded a boy's frank approval of the pretty trinket. "I was caught the same way by this string of beads for Frieda," he said, as he took a pink egg from its box and showed the treasure it held.

So it was with one egg after another. They were of all the colors of the rainbow; some were filled with candy, some with simple toys, and some were tied with knots of dainty ribbon. Then there were

hares of all sizes and ages; big hares and little ones, baby hares and grandfathers.

Fritz and his aunt opened all the boxes, stopping often to laugh at each other's purchases; and then began the fun of hiding them all. Into places where no one would think of looking because they were so open, and into places where no one would think of looking because they were so hidden, stolè the two, as softly and mysteriously as if they were two thieves hiding their spoil.

"Here is a good place to hide this rabbit," said Fritz, showing one big staring eye just peeping out from under a shell on the mantel.

"Do look at this!" cried Aunt Hess, holding up a queer old grandfather rabbit dragging his baby grandchild in a little red, egg-shaped cart.

There was just room for the turnout behind the mirror, and the two happy faces of Fritz and his aunt were reflected in the glass, making a pretty sight if any one had chanced to look upon it.

When the clock struck ten they stole softly up to bed after the two little guests, and left behind them eggs singly and eggs by the nest-full, hidden behind doors, under cushions, in vases and baskets, under chairs and sofas, behind curtains and pictures.

"It was a great hiding!" whispered Frau Hess.

"I can hardly wait for the hunting," replied

Fritz. "They will never find half of the eggs." But he looked very innocent when Frieda and Gretchen roused him in the morning with shouts of joy, and he pretended that the eggs and hares were as much a mystery to him as to them.

The city, which had been still and solemn for three days, was waking up to joy. The bells, which had been silent since Thursday, were pealing out in gladness; warm spring sunshine flooded the earth, and Easter happiness filled the air.

In all the homes there was feasting and merry-making, with egg-hunts for the children and fun for everyone. Frieda and Gretchen ran upstairs and down, looking for eggs in every nook and corner, while Fritz and his aunt laughed merrily over their excitement.

The eggs that were served for breakfast looked innocent enough, but when Frieda opened hers she found nothing but cotton, while Gretchen's was filled with white powder.

"We never have anything but rolls and coffee for first breakfast, so I might have known it was a joke," laughed Frieda.

"Ach! how did I ever live without children in the house?" sighed Frau Hess, as the little girls shrieked with delight over each new discovery of eggs or hares.

Not until they found the garnet ring and the string

of pink beads, did they suspect that it was no Easter hare that had hidden them in such funny places.

"It was you who hid the eggs!" cried Gretchen, running to throw her arms around the good Frau Hess; while Frieda at the same time made a dash for Fritz, who led her a chase through the rooms and up and down the stairs, until she caught him at last in the music room and kissed him a dozen times.

"Now give us some Easter music on the new violin," suggested Frau Hess, and the boy opened his violin case to find that the little hare had been there before him and left a fair white egg.

"It looks like a perfectly good egg," he said doubtfully.

"That it does," said his aunt. "Will you have the cook boil it for second breakfast?"

But there had been so many surprises that Fritz was suspicious, and took the egg to the table where he opened it with the greatest care, to find nothing inside but a sheet of paper.

"The tailor in the fairy story must have sewed the shell together," he said wonderingly, for not a trace could be found of its ever having been broken before.

"Perhaps it is a letter from Till Owlglass," suggested Frau Hess.

"Oh, is it?" cried Frieda. "Let me see it,"

and she ran to look at the note from the funny old man who has been playing pranks on German children for more than six hundred years.

"Till Owlglass had nothing to do with it," replied Fritz, reading the note, which was written in a boyish hand. "It is from Ernst von Eisen, and they want me to go with them on the walking trip.

"It is just what I wanted to do," he added, turning to his aunt. "Herr Mark is going to take them up the Rhine, and I could see Hermann and Paul, and all the places they have told me about."

"We will write to ask your father's permission this very morning," suggested Frau Hess.

But Fritz hesitated, looking thoughtfully at his violin. "There are my music lessons, and I was going to practise all summer," he said. "Herr Klingler is going to have an orchestra next year, and he told me I must study hard if I wished to play with the others."

"You will work all the better after a little play," replied his aunt, and went at once to send a letter to Schloss Wentzel.

CHAPTER XIV

AN OLD, OLD LETTER

It was a lovely morning in late June, and Fritz sat at the open window looking at an old book which he had found in his aunt's bookcase.

"What are you reading, Fritzchen?" asked Frau Hess, leaning over the boy's shoulder.

"What an old letter!" she added, as she read the date, — June 19, 1530. "It was written nearly four hundred years ago."

Fritz looked up into her face with a laugh. "Martin Luther must have been a jolly sort of a father," he answered. "This is a letter which he wrote to his little son, Hans. Listen, now, while I read it to you."

"Grace and peace in Christ be with thee, my dear little son!

"I am very pleased to see you so diligent, and also praying. Continue to do so, my child, and when I return I shall bring you something from the great fair.

"I know a beautiful garden, where there are many

children with golden robes. They pick up the rosy-cheeked apples, pears, plums, etc., from under the trees; sing, jump and rejoice all day long. They have also pretty ponies with golden reins and silver saddles.

"I asked whose garden it was, and to whom the children belonged. The man said, 'These are the children who love to pray and learn their lessons.'

"I then said, 'Dear Sir, I also have a son, Hanschen Luther; might not he, too, come into the garden and eat the beautiful fruit, and ride upon those pretty ponies, and play with those children?'

"'If he loves prayer and is good,' said the man, 'he can, and Lippus and Jost, and they shall get whistles and drums, and all sorts of musical instruments, and dance and shoot with little cross-bows.'

"And he showed me a lovely lawn, all ready for dancing, where whistles, flutes, etc., hung. But it was still early, and the children not having breakfasted, I could not wait for the dancing, so I said to the man, 'Dear Sir, I must hurry away and write all this to my dear little son Hans, and tell him to pray and be good, that he may come into this garden; but he has an aunt Lene, whom he must bring also.'

"'That he can,' said the man, 'write him to do so.' Therefore, dear little sonny, learn your lessons

and pray, and tell Lippus and Jost to do so, too, and then you will all get into the garden together.

"I commend you to God, and give Aunt Lene a kiss from me. Thy dear father,

"MARTIN LUTHER."

"Is it not a good letter, Aunt Hess?" Fritz asked as he finished reading it.

"That it is," she answered. "I have read it before. Many children besides Lippus and Jost have heard of that garden since Luther wrote about it to his little boy.

"You would see the room where he lived for a year, and the very desk where he worked while he was translating the Bible into German and writing some of our splendid hymns, if you should go to Eisenach and climb to the top of the Wartburg," she concluded.

"Perhaps we may go there next year with Herr Mark," Fritz replied. "But to-morrow we go to Hannover and walk through the forest to Hamelin Town, and here is the letter Alice Blake has just written me, and the poem she sent me which tells all about the Pied Piper. I am going to take it with me to read to Otto and Ernst. It will give them good practice in their English. Is my knapsack all packed for the journey?"

"Yes, eager one," she smiled, "and the trip

is all written down in plain writing, from the moment you leave Berlin to the moment you see Schloss Wentzel."

Fritz clapped his hands. "Think of walking along the Rhine!" he cried.

Aunt Hess laughed aloud. "Now you are beginning all over again," she said. "For the last three months I have heard nothing but talk about your walking-trip. Your mother tells you in every letter that you must take enough stockings, so that when one pair wears out you will still have many more, and your father urges me to see that you have plenty of money for everything you will need."

"Yes," interrupted Fritz, "and every day Herr Klingler complains that I need every minute of the time for my violin practice, instead of tramping across country for two weeks."

"Ach!" exclaimed Frau Hess, "will the man never be satisfied? We will tell him that you will learn the secret of music when you walk through the forests. The birds will sing it to you. Is it not so?"

"Jawohl," answered the boy, as he opened the map for the hundredth time to look for the railroad which runs from Berlin to Hannover. "It takes four hours on the train," he said to himself, also for the hundredth time. "I wish we were starting this minute."

CHAPTER XV

IN THE GREEN FOREST

“ Kuckuck, Kuckuck ruft aus dem Wald.

Lasset uns singen.

Tanzen und springen!

Kuckuck, Kuckuck, ruft aus dem Wald.”

sang Otto, beating time to the music with his walking-stick. “ There,” he said when the song was ended, “ no one can say that in Hannover I do not sing the best of German.”

A group of merry-makers, just turning into the lovely Maschpark on the outskirts of the city, heard what Otto said and nodded their heads with a laughing, “ Ja! Ja! Everybody knows that the best German is spoken in Hannover.”

It was only five o'clock, but the three boys with their tutor were already on their way out of the city, taking advantage of the cool of the early morning for their tramp.

As they passed a little restaurant they saw a motherly German woman making coffee for her brood of hungry children. Farther on they met a goose girl driving her flock of geese to market, a

boy whistling and prodding three pigs with a long stick to keep them in the road, and a woman, harnessed beside a dog to a little milk-wagon, who was knitting as she trudged sturdily along.

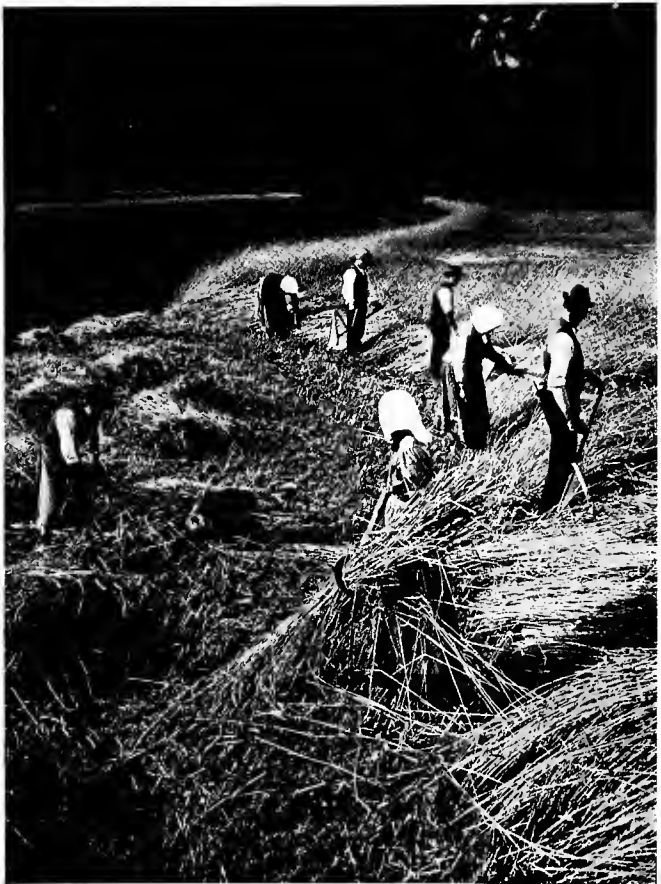
Soon the city was left behind, but the tutor turned to take a last look at its chimneys and spires as he asked, "What shall we remember of Hannover, Fritz, to tell the good Frau Hess when she asks us about it?"

Fritz shook his head. "Ask Ernst," he said. "Ernst has a stuffed head; out of it he will pull some facts about Hannover. I can remember only that it was the birthplace of the beautiful Queen Louise, and that in one of the squares we saw a statue of John Gutenberg, the man who invented printing."

But Ernst also shook his head. "Ask Otto to start another song," he urged. "I was copying the poem about the Pied Piper last night and did not go over my notes."

So Otto started one song and then another as they tramped gaily along the highway toward Hamelin, thirty miles away, stopping now and then while Herr Mark pointed out the sights and gave Ernst facts for his notebook.

Sometimes their way led past enormous fields planted with beets for the beet-sugar, where women with their heads tied up in bright handkerchiefs were pulling weeds from the endless rows of green



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"THE BOYS SAT DOWN TO WATCH SOME PEASANTS HARVESTING RYE"

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beet-tops. Or there were potato fields, — acres and acres of them starred with white blossoms, — for Germany raises more potatoes than any other country in the world.

Then there were apple orchards; broad fields of oats, wheat, barley, and rye; and forests of hop-poles, up which the tender green vines were twining their way.

After a while the boys sat down in the shade of a great oak to watch some peasants harvesting rye, and Herr Mark took a bag of ripe cherries from his pocket to eat with their sandwiches.

Before noon they stopped again, — this time at a little village of thatched houses scattered along each side of a narrow, straggling street. The tutor called at one of the vine-covered doorways to ask for milk, and the kindly hausfrau invited them all to rest within the shaded porch, and brought out a plate of zwieback with the milk.

Otto gazed with curious eyes at the stone floor of the neat kitchen, and tried to call his brother's attention to the geese, hens, pigs, and babies that tumbled about together in the yard at the back of the house; but Fritz was pointing out a stork's nest on the opposite roof, and Ernst was more interested in counting the baby storks that stretched up their necks to be fed.

It was at the fountain in this village that the boys

had an adventure. Just as they were taking a drink of the clear, cool water, a troop of cavalry clattered down the street and stopped to water their horses at the great stone trough.

The twinkling eyes of the inn — little narrow windows set deep in the thick white walls — looked out from under gabled eyebrows as they had looked many a time before, in the years gone by, upon German soldiers in the village street. But to the children who ran from every direction and stood clustered in the doorways to watch the horses and their riders, it was always a wonderful sight.

Herr Mark drew his boys into one of the crowded doorways and they stood looking on while the horses dipped their heads deep into the water for a cooling drink, and then tossed them in the air until their bridles clanked and jingled. As fast as one pair of horses were satisfied they moved aside to make room for another at the trough, and when one of the officers was backing his horse away from the fountain, a barefooted child — a little flaxen-haired girl only three or four years old — started to run across the street from one doorway to another.

In an instant she would have been trampled under the iron hoofs of the horse; but Fritz sprang forward and snatched her back, just in time to save her.

“Meine Liebchen! Meine Herzchen!” screamed

the mother, rushing out into the street; the horses reared and plunged, the officers called out quick orders, and for a moment there was a wild scene of excitement. But in the end the soldiers galloped away, four abreast, along the road to Hannover; the children ran back to their play, and the street was quiet once more.

The grateful mother thanked Fritz over and over again for saving her baby, and when she learned where the boys were bound, she called her husband, who was just ready to start off to market with a load of vegetables, and bade him give the lads a ride.

It was a hot, sultry afternoon, and the three boys were glad to jog slowly along the road behind the old farm-horse, listening drowsily while Herr Mark talked with the farmer about the weather and the crops. Just as the man began a long story about his son Martin who had gone up into the mountains to learn wood-carving, Otto's head began to nod. When at last the farmer reached the end of the story, all three boys had to be shaken out of a sound sleep to bid him good-bye and thank him for the ride.

"Our way leads through the forest," the tutor explained when they begged for a longer ride; and after shaking hands with the farmer and wishing him good luck at the market, the boys watched him

drive down the road and then took a path that led into the forest.

This forest, like so many others in Germany, was carefully cultivated. The trees had been set out in rows, "so straight that they looked like the aisles of a church," Fritz said; but Otto thought they looked rather like the long rows of beets in the beet-fields. "And there are the women weeding the rows," he added, pointing to two peasants who were gathering fagots to carry home for firewood.

It was cool and restful after the sunny road, and the boys ran along throwing up their caps and shouting for joy. Their shout was answered by another, and looking down through the green forest aisles, they saw a company of school-boys with their teacher, marching toward the road which they had just left.

Fritz waved his cap and the boys called out a friendly greeting; the teacher started a song, and in a moment the forest was ringing to the merry singing of boyish voices.

"Ach, what is so good as the forest?" said Fritz, with a happy sigh, when they had thrown themselves to rest under the spreading branches of a great fir which was already marked for its journey to market.

"There are not many countries that look after

their forests so carefully as Germany," said Herr Mark. "Just as there are armies of laborers in the fields, planting and harvesting the grains and vegetables, so there are other armies in the forests, planting new trees and cutting down those that are full-grown."

"It sounds too much like work," said Otto, lazily, from his bed on the soft carpet of brown needles.

"With thirty-five million acres of forest-land to take care of, there is always plenty of work," answered the tutor. "There are acres and acres of young seedlings hardly a foot high to be set out and watered; then there are the plantations of youngsters no taller than you are, to be trimmed and pruned; and finally there are the full-grown trees to be cut down and hauled away to the lumber-barge for a trip down the river to the saw-mills. And not a fagot of all the wood is wasted. The trunks and branches go for timber; the stumps are broken up for firewood; the twigs, too, are gathered and burned; and even a good layer of leaves and moss will sell for fuel or fertilizer."

"I shall become a forester," said Otto decidedly.

"Is it so pleasant to lie under the trees that you will make it your life-business?" asked Herr Mark with a laugh.

"No, but there is always good company in the

woods," Otto answered, pointing to another group of boys who were just entering the glade from one of the many foot-paths that criss-crossed through the forest.

"Everyone loves the trees and the pleasant paths under them," replied the tutor. "We have been a tree-loving people ever since the first tribes built their rude huts in the forests, thousands of years ago. You cannot walk half a day through the woods without meeting a walking-club off for a tramp, a company of school-children with their teacher, or a family out for a picnic."

And so the boys found it, as they tramped along, the next day, on their way to Hamelin.

"If we meet the Pied Piper of Hamelin," said Fritz, as they walked at last along the streets of the quaint old town, "we will ask him to teach us the tune that he played for the rats. Then I can play it on my violin and catch all the rats in our barns at home."

"Listen," cried Otto, "there's the Piper now!" and turning a corner they saw a band of strolling musicians walking slowly down the street and playing a merry tune.

In front of the musicians there was a group of little boys and girls singing and dancing, and from one doorway and then another a child bobbed out to dance along with the others.

"It is just like Browning's poem," said Ernst, and opened his notebook to read from the poem which he had copied so carefully:—

"Out came the children running:
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter."

"And there they go to Koppelberg Hill," added Herr Mark, as musicians and dancers disappeared around the corner. "Let us leave our knapsacks at the hotel, and then I will show you the very street where, more than six hundred years ago, rats and children followed the Pied Piper out of the town."

"Why, is the story true?" asked Otto in surprise.

"I can't tell you," replied the tutor. "We will take a walk through Pied Piper Street and you can see what you think about it."

CHAPTER XVI

"THE WATCH ON THE RHINE"

"So here we are in Cologne at last," exclaimed Fritz, as they sat eating their breakfast of rolls and coffee.

"What are we going to do first?" asked Otto, helping himself to a third roll.

"Otto, man!" cried Fritz in mock horror, "don't you know that no one in Germany eats more than two rolls for first breakfast?"

"But I shall need three rolls if we are going to walk as much as we did last week," Otto declared. "Where are we going first?" he repeated.

"To the Cathedral, of course," Ernst told him. "It is one of the grandest cathedrals in the whole world. It covers two acres of ground and has two towers which are over five hundred feet high, besides ever so many little towers. It was six hundred and thirty-two years after it was begun before it was finished, and it cost millions of dollars."

Here Fritz interrupted with, "In one of the towers is an enormous bell which was made from cannon captured in the wars with the French in 1871. It weighs twenty-seven tons, and it takes twenty-eight

men to ring it;” and Otto chimed in with, “There is an inscription on it which says:

“‘I am the Emperor’s bell,
The Emperor’s praise I tell.’”

Herr Mark laughed heartily. “You have learned your lesson so well that I shall reward you by taking you first to one of the shops where a fountain of cologne-water will sprinkle your handkerchief for nothing,” he said.

“The famous cologne of Cologne!” exclaimed Fritz. “We shall never have a better chance to save money. Every stop at the free cologne-fountains means pfennige in our pockets.”

“Then you may stand at the fountains all day while we cross the bridge of boats,” said Otto. “You can save enough pfennige to pay the bridge-toll for the rest of us.”

“Come, let us be off!” suggested the tutor, rising from the table. “There are many famous things to see in the city besides the Cathedral and the cologne, and we take the boat for Bonn this afternoon at four o’clock.”

In the street he hailed a passing tram-car, and as they rode through the Ring Strasse, Herr Mark told the boys a little of the early history of the city.

“The Romans founded a colony here about two

thousand years ago and called it Colonia," he said. "That is where we get the name Cologne."

"Look!" cried Otto, who was turning round to look out of the window, "do see those narrow streets. I'd like to see an automobile try to get through them. They aren't even wide enough for my pony cart."

"Those houses were built hundreds of years ago, before ever wheeled carriages had been thought of here," replied the tutor; "and there was no need for wide streets for foot-passengers. The houses were built close together for protection. In the early days, Cologne had a hard struggle for existence, and it has seen some terrible warfare; but now it is one of the finest and wealthiest cities in the country."

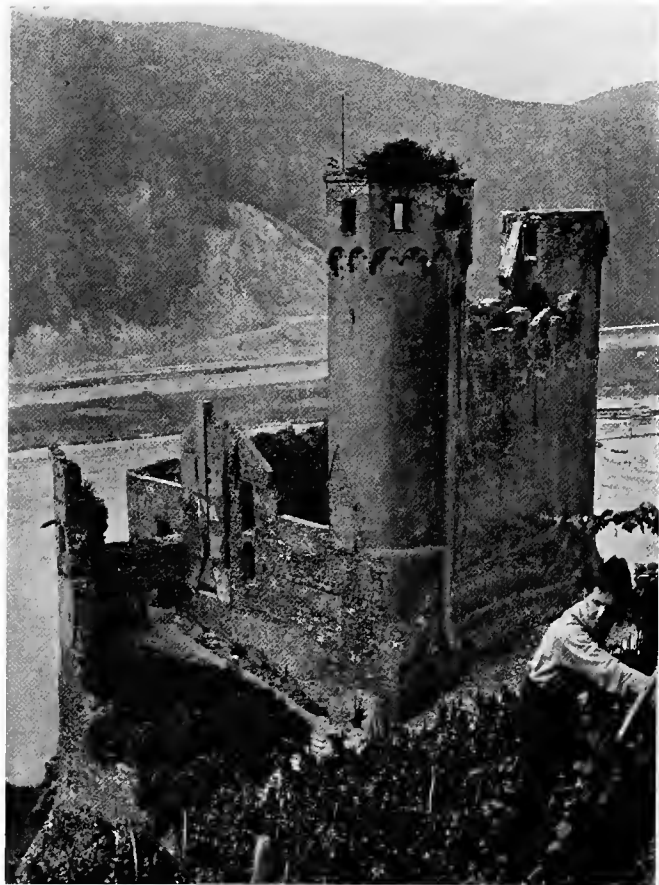
"It certainly does an enormous amount of business," said Fritz, as they reached the river and saw all the wharves piled high with bales and boxes, while boats and river-barges were being loaded and unloaded.

"Where do all the things come from?" asked Ernst.

"And where do they go?" added Otto.

"They come from all over the world," answered Herr Mark, "and they are distributed by train or boat throughout this part of Europe.

"And they go to all parts of the world, too," he added, "loaded with the products of our factories;



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ONE OF THE MANY RUINED CASTLES ON THE RHINE
Notice the picturesque and rugged scenery. *Page 109*

for you must know that Germany manufactures almost everything you can think of. There are some river-barges just being loaded. Perhaps those big crates contain Christmas toys, all marked with the magic words ‘Made in Germany.’ ”

“Christmas toys!” cried Otto. “What are they doing with Christmas toys in July?”

“They send them early so that they will be ready for the Christmas trade,” replied the tutor. “When we take our delightful trip up the Rhine you will see hundreds of boats and barges which carry an immense amount of this freight.”

And the trip up the Rhine was, indeed, delightful from beginning to end. Every moment there was some new scene of beauty or interest; some historic spot to point out, some famous legend to tell.

The first day they rode to Bonn, crossing the river for a trip up the Drachenfels, or Dragon’s Rock, the highest point along the river. Then they took the steamer again and rode past village after village, tower after tower, ruin after ruin.

“Why are there so many ruined castles?” Otto asked, as the tutor pointed out an unusually lonely tower on the side of a rugged hill.

“In olden times the barons who lived in this part of the country were robbers and fighters,” Herr Mark told him. “They chose these very high points upon which to build their strongholds, and from

them they could look down into the valleys and along the rivers and behold their enemies from afar. Sometimes it was a merchant whom they spied, who was carrying his wares to trade in a distant city; but it made no difference to the baron in his high castle. He swooped down upon enemies and merchants alike, and killed or robbed them, as it happened.

“If the country had been the strong empire then that it is now, such lawlessness would have been punished. As it was, the scattered cities were the first to interfere with the barons and their wild doings, and for the sake of protecting the merchants on their travels, they formed leagues and forced the robbers to sign agreements not to interfere with their trade. After many years the knights gave up living in their ‘eagle’s nests’ and the castles gradually fell to ruin.”

And so the happy hours ran on, while the forest-covered hills came closer and closer to the river’s banks, until at last they were within sight of Coblenz and the celebrated fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, and Ernst opened his camera for a picture of the enormous equestrian statue of Emperor William I which stands on the point of land where the French river Moselle flows into the Rhine.

A bridge of boats connects the city with the fortress, and it is safe to say that Coblenz will never again pass out of the possession of the Germans,

for the “Broad Stone of Honor,” Ehrenbreitstein, is a fortress that cannot easily be taken.

“There is Paul!” shouted Fritz, and pointed out the tall soldier brother to Ernst and Otto long before the steamer drew up to the landing-place.

“Welcome to Coblenz! Welcome to our fortress!” was Paul’s hearty greeting; and the boys had soon crossed the bridge and were trying their speed up the winding road to the citadel.

“This fortress is large enough to hold one hundred thousand men, and we have provisions enough in stock to withstand a long siege,” Paul told them as they climbed under the guns to the fortifications on the top of the broad rock. “Everything down to the last button on the last soldier’s coat, as the old Emperor used to say, is all ready for war.

“There is a garrison here now of five thousand men, and day and night ‘The Watch on the Rhine’ is maintained.”

“I have decided that, after all, I will be a soldier and not a forester,” Otto declared, after Paul had shown them over the fort and they had watched the men practising gun-firing; but when they were on the boat the next day, and he saw men clambering up and down the vine-clad hills at work among the vineyards, he almost decided to give up soldiering for grape-raising.

“I didn’t think there could be so many grape-

vines in the world!" he exclaimed. "What do they do with all the grapes? And why do they build so many stone walls in the vineyards?"

"They make wine of the grapes," replied Herr Mark, "and they build the stone walls to keep the soil from washing down the hillsides when it rains. This part of the Rhineland is famous for its wine, and at Bingen we shall see some of the finest vineyards in the country.

"Look, there is the city now, and there, on the opposite hill is the National Monument," and he pointed to the great statue of Germania erected by the nation to commemorate the victory over France in 1871.

The boys looked up at the distant monument, towering above the vineyards on the hill, and then, as the steamer glided swiftly towards Bingen and the end of their happy holiday together, they began singing, softly at first and then louder and louder, the stirring song of the Fatherland, "The Watch on the Rhine."

"A roll like thunder strikes the ear,
Like clang of arms or breakers near,
Rush forward for the German Rhine!
Who shields thee, dear beloved Rhine?
Dear Fatherland, thou need'st not fear,
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here!"

CHAPTER XVII

FRITZ RECEIVES A MEDAL

Just as the green waters of the river run like a gleaming thread through the Rhine Valley of Germany, so the happy walking tour ran like a thread of melody through Fritz's memory all the rest of the summer.

Over and over again, when he was back in Schloss Wentzel and his fingers were playing never-ending scales on the violin, his thoughts would run merrily off to live the days with Herr Mark and the boys once more.

Then he would laugh aloud at the memory of Otto, astride a donkey's back, climbing to the top of the Drachenfels. What a jolly companion Otto made for a journey! He was always thinking of something mischievous to do, — always jumping upon the back of a donkey and clambering up the rocky hillsides, — always having to beg pfennige from Fritz to pay for the ride afterwards.

And then there was Ernst, who tried to keep account of the number of miles they walked each day; and who was always writing down facts about the height of the mountains, the names of the ruins,

the dates when the cities were first settled, and all sorts of useful and useless bits of information.

"Studious Ernst!" thought Fritz, his fingers running up and down the strings of his violin so that they sang and trilled as he played; "he should have been listening to the nightingales that sang so sweetly at the twilight end of our days."

"Of what are you thinking, lieber Fritzchen?" asked a voice behind him, and turning round he saw his mother, with Frieda and her circle-sisters standing in the doorway.

"I was thinking of the birds that sang in the forest when we were climbing up to Hamelin Town," he replied.

"You disturbed our meeting," Frieda told him. "I was telling Hilda and Eva and Ursula about my visit to Berlin, and how, when I went to school with Gretchen, I was not allowed to wear even the least bit of jewelry for fear that it would take my mind off my lessons, and then your trills and melodies took our minds entirely from our sewing."

"You are a little goose girl," Fritz answered. "My mind is on my lesson even when it is walking along the Rhine with Otto. You should learn to have two minds, one for work and one for play."

"Fritzchen," his mother said to him earnestly, as the little girls went back to their sewing, "if you play for Herr Klingler as you played but now for

yourself, he cannot fail to give you a place in the orchestra."

"That was my playing mind," Fritz answered with a laugh, and then added, "I will ask that you may be one of the judges at the recital, Mutterchen. Then I shall have all of the places."

But when the day of the recital came at last, Fritz looked down from his seat on the platform and wished that his mother, who sat so quietly between Frau Hess and Baron von Wentzel, might be all three of the judges. "I can never play before so many people," he thought, rubbing his fingers which were as cold as ice, and trying to wait patiently while one boy after another played in turn.

He did not guess that his mother's hands, too, were icy cold, and that while she sat so quietly in her seat, her heart was beating faster and faster and her thoughts were flying to the time when her Fritz should take up his violin and stand before them all to show what he could do.

"If he will only look at me when he plays!" she thought, and smiled up at him encouragingly as he made his bow and tucked his violin under his chin.

But it was Otto's round face and jolly smile that sent his thoughts away from the crowd before him, and his bow flying back and forth over the strings.

"Who is that boy? His playing made me think

of the merry skaters in the Thiergarten," said some one in the audience.

"It reminded me of the nightingales in the Lustgarten," said another; but Frieda and Gretchen squeezed each other's hands and whispered that Fritz played better than any one else in the wide world.

When the playing was finished, the judges went into a little room to talk it over, and came back again, after what seemed a very long time, with a list of those who were to receive places in the orchestra. Herr Klingler read the list aloud, and all the fathers and mothers beamed with pride as their sons' names were called and they rose to bow and thank the judges.

Then the music master took a medal from a little box and called Fritz out before the audience again. "I give you this medal," he said as he pinned it to the boy's breast, "because you have done such faithful work. I have been pleased with your diligence, and give you this for a reward. It means, too, that you shall be my first violin."

There was a great clapping of hands, both among the players on the platform and the people in the audience. Otto thumped Ernst on the back, and Frieda hugged Gretchen in her excitement.

Baron von Wentzel walked straight up to the platform to shake hands with his son, and Frau

von Wentzel and all the other fathers and mothers followed him. Everyone shook hands with everyone else; Herr Klingler told the fathers that the boys were doing well, and then he told the boys that they must work harder than ever. The mothers beamed and smiled, and promised that their sons should practise three hours every day in the week, and the sons were all the time gathering up their instruments and putting them carefully into the cases, so that there was the greatest excitement and confusion.

In the midst of it all the voice of Frau Hess rose above the din. "Now we will go to the Thiergarten, — Otto and Ernst and Gretchen and Frieda, and all of us," she said. "And we will lunch in the fine great restaurant, and row on the lake, and pick the flowers, and watch the fountains, and feed the animals in the zoo."

But Fritz hardly heard what she was saying. His thoughts were far away in Schloss Wentzel, and he was thinking of the great celebration in honor of Hans Wendling, and how the old man had said, "It is not so difficult. I have done nothing but live here and do my work, and now the medal comes to me."

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY AND DICTIONARY

ach (äk), ah! oh!

Bàs sin' (sàng), basin, lake.

Be'haim, Martin (Bǎ'him), a German navigator, 1459-1506.

Bĩng'ěn, a town on the Rhine.

bĩt'tě, please.

Blũ'cher (kěr), a Prussian general, 1742-1819.

Bru'děr (brōō), brother.

Bur sché (bōōr shǎ'), a dog's name.

đan ke schön (đǎn'kě schēn), thank you.

Děnk'mál, monument.

der (dár), the.

Dǒn něr wet'těr (vět), "thunder-weather," an exclamation.

Dra chen fels (Drǎ'kěň fěls), one of the "Seven Mountains" on the Rhine.

Drosch'ke (drōsh'kĩ), a public carriage.

Dũ'rěr, Albrecht, a German painter and engraver, 1471-1528.

Eh ren breit'stein (ǎ rěň brĩt'stin), a fortress on the Rhine.

Ei'sen ach (ĩ'zěň äk), a town in Germany.

Ěl'bě, a river in Germany.

Flee'tě, canals.

Frau (frow), Mrs.

- Fräu lein** (froy'lin), Miss.
Frie da (free'dá), a girl's name.
Fritz'chën, little Fritz.
Grü'nē wald (vält), a royal hunting-park near Potsdam.
Gut'ën Täg' (goot), good-day, good-morning.
Haus frau (hous' frow), housewife.
Herr (hâr), Mr., Sir.
Herz'chën (hârtz), little heart, heart's dearest.
Höch, high, salute, hurrah !
ja (yâ), yes.
ja wohl (yâ vōl'), yes indeed.
Kai ser (ki'zēr), emperor.
Kai ser in (ki'zēr in), empress.
klein (klin), little.
Kränz'chën (krants), little garland, club, circle.
Kring'les (lş), salted, twisted cakes.
Krīs Krīng'le, the Christ Child.
Leb'ëns Licht (lāb), life-light.
lie'be, lie'ber (lē'ber), dear.
Lieb'chën (lēb), darling.
Löb, praise.
Lust gar ten (lōost' gär tēn), a park in Berlin.
Mahl zeit (mäl'zīt), mealtime.
mein, mein'er (mīn'ēr), my.
Mut'tēr (mōōt), mother.
Mut'tēr chën (mōōt), little mother.
nein (nīn), no.
Pfēn'nīg, penny, one fourth of a cent.
Pfēf'fēr kuch'ën (kōōk), spice cake, gingerbread.

Sans Sou ci (sǒn sōō se'), "free from care," a palace in Potsdam.

Schlöss, castle.

Schwes'törn (schvēs), sisters.

Spree (sprā), a river in Germany.

Strás'sē, street.

Ta del (tä'dl), demerit, reproof.

Tàn'tē, aunt.

Tēm pēl hōf'ēr Fēld, a parade ground in Berlin.

Thier' gār tēn (tēr), a large park in Berlin.

Till Owl'glass (Till Eulenspiegel), a traditional player of pranks.

un'tēr (ōōn), under.

Un'tēr dēn Līn'dēn, "Under the Lindens," a street in Berlin.

von (fōn), of.

Wart burg (värt'bōōrk), a forest-covered hill near Eisenach.

Welh'nächt (vī), Holy Night, Christmas Eve.

Welh'nächts baum (bōwm), Christmas tree.

Wend'līng (vēnt), a name.

Went'zēl (vēnt), a name.

Wil'hēlm (vīl), William.

wil kōm'mēn (vīl), welcome.

Zwie'bäck (tsvē), twice baked, a kind of biscuit or rusk.

LITTLE PEOPLE



MANUEL IN MEXICO

UMÉ SAN IN JAPAN

RAFAEL IN ITALY

KATHLEEN IN IRELAND

FRITZ IN GERMANY

GERDA IN SWEDEN

EVERYWHERE.

